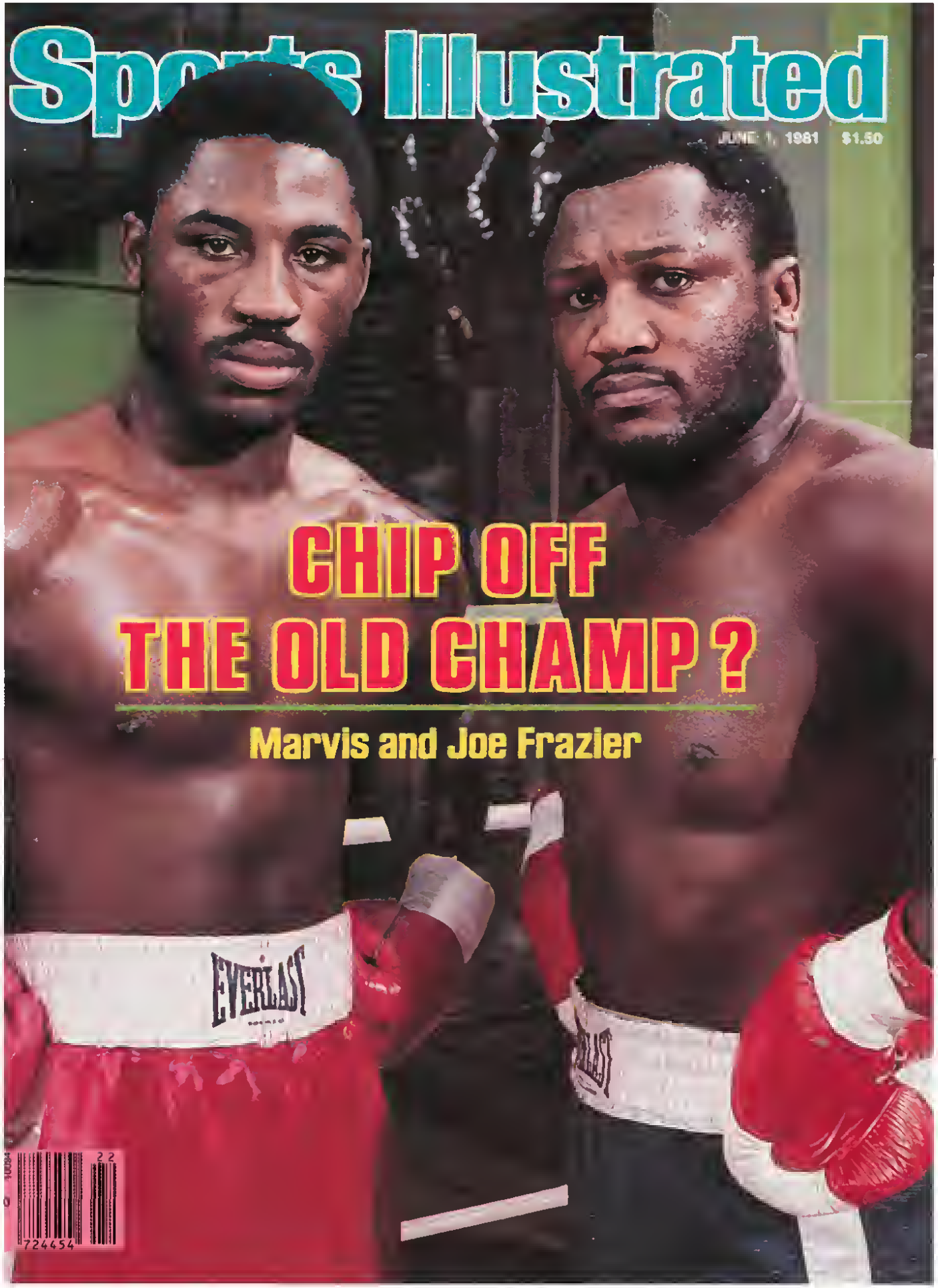

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Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



FOR PAT O'CONNOR, RIDING'S NOW A PIECE OF CAKE

Manhattan is heartless? So some say, but not around Pat O'Connor, who heads the group of keyboard operators that feeds every editorial word of SI into our computers each week. Her Upper West Side apartment is a haven for animals in distress. Cats and dogs she has found in supermarkets, parking lots and empty apartments, on fire escapes and even trains have turned her lodgings into a sort of Booth cartoon and have cost her as much as $1,000 a year in veterinary bills. Lately, after reaching an alltime high of seven cats and three dogs, the four-legged population has leveled off. But now there is a horse in her life if not in her living room.

Though O'Connor first rode in 1961, she didn't begin serious hunt seat riding until two years ago, under the tutelage of Manager Lance Williamson at Claremont Stables, situated two long blocks from the bridle paths of Central Park. "I got used to dodging open fire hydrants on the way," O'Connor says. "There have been firecrackers now and then." In the park she dodges joggers and, on fine weekends, picnickers who place tables, chairs and kiddies directly on the paths.

When in 1979 Williamson and his wife Cyndi established their own stable, Heather-Hill, in Hopewell, N.J., O'Connor followed them and continued her lessons. And last October she bought Piece of Cake, a big-boned thoroughbred chestnut gelding she keeps at Heather-Hill and commutes to three or four times a week.

"The first time I rode him I knew I had to have him," she says. "And the first time I took him over a small cross rail, I wrote out the check. The name comes from back then. A junior rider wanted to show him, but was frightened that he might be difficult. I told her, 'Don't worry, he's a piece of cake.'" Only later did Pat O'Connor realize the appropriateness of the initials.

Riding hasn't always been a piece of cake for O'Connor. "The first time I rode cross-country and jumped, I went downhill over a stone wall," she says. "I was supposed to turn left just afterward because of a tree, but I landed on the horse's neck and a limb hit me in the chest, knocking me off. Thank God she was a tall mare, or it would have hit me right in the face." On Piece of Cake, O'Connor has done considerably better. At their first major show, sponsored by the Delaware Valley Horsemen's Association last April 26, the pair picked up three ribbons for jumping and one for equitation.

But can she type? Ask the FBI, for whom O'Connor worked for nine years, as a teletype operator, secretary and receptionist before coming to SI in 1969; or Assistant Managing Editor Mark Mulvoy, whose books on Ken Dryden and Bobby Orr, among others, first took shape as O'Connor typescripts.

O'Connor hopes to move closer to the Williamsons to cut down on the exhausting three-hour round trips to ride Piece of Cake. "There's so much work involved in getting a horse to just walk properly," she says. "A person who simply gets on and thinks riding only means going fast will never know the joy of bringing a horse along."

Philip D. Howlett

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Footloose

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

OLYMPIC HERO TONI SAILER TEACHES SKI RACING ATOP A CANADIAN GLACIER

Between 1972 and 1976, while Toni Sailer was the director of the Austrian Alpine ski team, he would disappear each summer just when his ski-federation bosses expected him to supervise off-season training of Austria's finest. Instead, he would fly 9,000 miles to the Whistler Mountain glacier on the west coast of Canada. Whistler is an expansive bowl 6,500 feet above sea level that is never without snow. It lies just beyond the small town of Garibaldi, some 70 miles north of Vancouver.

What could Sailer be doing on that mountain in the Canadian wilderness, they would wonder back in Vienna. But Toni was doing what he loves best—coaching. His charges there weren't the temperamental stars of a national team. They were young boys and girls, 10 to 18, who were at the Toni Sailer Summer Ski Camp picking up pointers in slalom and giant slalom racing, or they were whole families in recreational classes, still perfecting their stem Christies.

Sailer's camp has been flourishing for 14 years. Many of his pupils are too young to remember that he was skiing's first triple-crown winner, in 1956, when he took all three Alpine races at the Cortina Olympics. At Whistler nobody asks for his autograph, though in Europe he's still a celebrity. For Toni, summer coaching has always been his R and R. "Whistler Mountain is my island," he says.

Camp Director Alan White started Whistler in 1966 with Art Furrer, a Swiss coach, mainly to attract summer business for the hotels in what is primarily a winter resort. Because of the glacier, a



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summer ski camp was possible. They had 38 kids the first year. But in 1967, after Sailer joined, there were 80 students; 160 came the following year. Since then, Whistler's summer population has grown steadily. Last year 360 youngsters took part in three one-week junior camps and 200 adults attended sun/ski weeks. "We're the biggest camp in North America," says White. "We have more kids participating and more coaches teaching them on an individual basis than any of the other summer camps. Furthermore, while most camps are strictly for racers, we offer recreational and freestyle skiing along with instruction for novice, intermediate and advanced racing. Very few camps have sessions for adults. We take singles, couples, parents with their children—everyone—and many return."

"When I first came here," says Sailer, "there were bears walking around on the road. There was only a gravel road here. But every year there were a few more houses, a few more people, and they asphalted the road piece by piece. Now the bears only come out at night. Here life is quiet and organized, a break from my usual pace. I can enjoy skiing at a different level, coaching kids, and I can play golf or go sailing or fishing."

Sailer made enough money starring in a string of forgettable ski movies following his Olympic triumph to allow him to take summers off. But he needs to get away from the celebrity life, and that is nearly impossible in Austria. In 1976 he and Gaby Rummeny, a former German golf champion, were married in Vancouver without a single fan, reporter or photographer in sight. "It was the only place I cared about where we could have privacy," he says.

Sailer is 45 now, but he is still dashing, trim and tanned as he directs his advanced racing classes. Watching a youngster negotiate a slalom course halfway down the giant bowl, he mutters, "Too

continued



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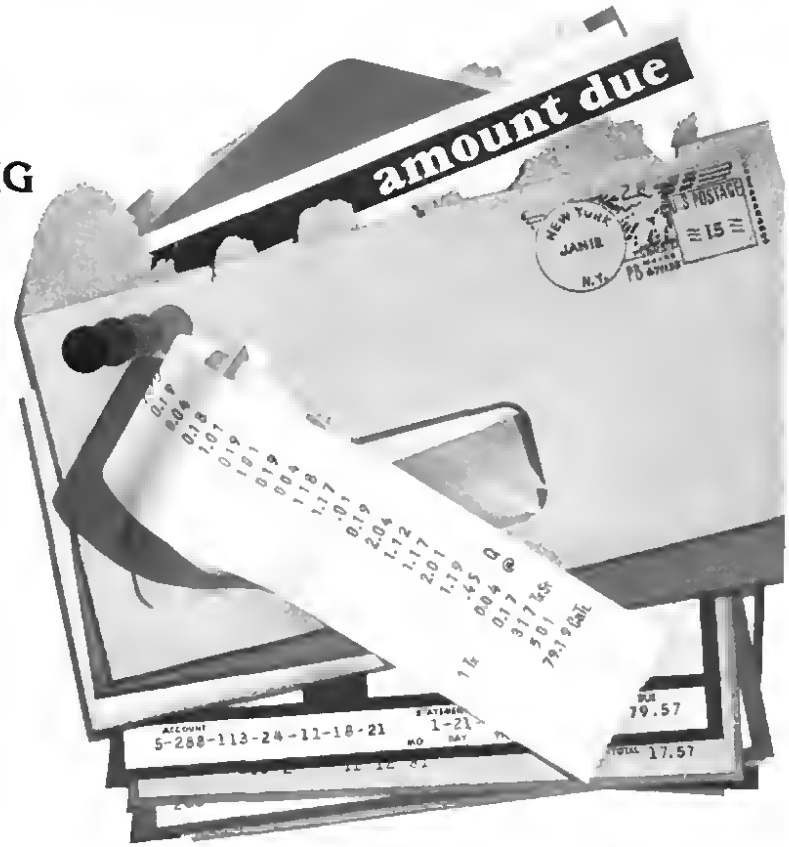
And just as it is vital to solve our individual budget problems, it's equally essential for Uncle Sam to solve his. An unbalanced federal budget has been a major contributor to inflation, so let your elected representatives know you want the federal government to live within its means.

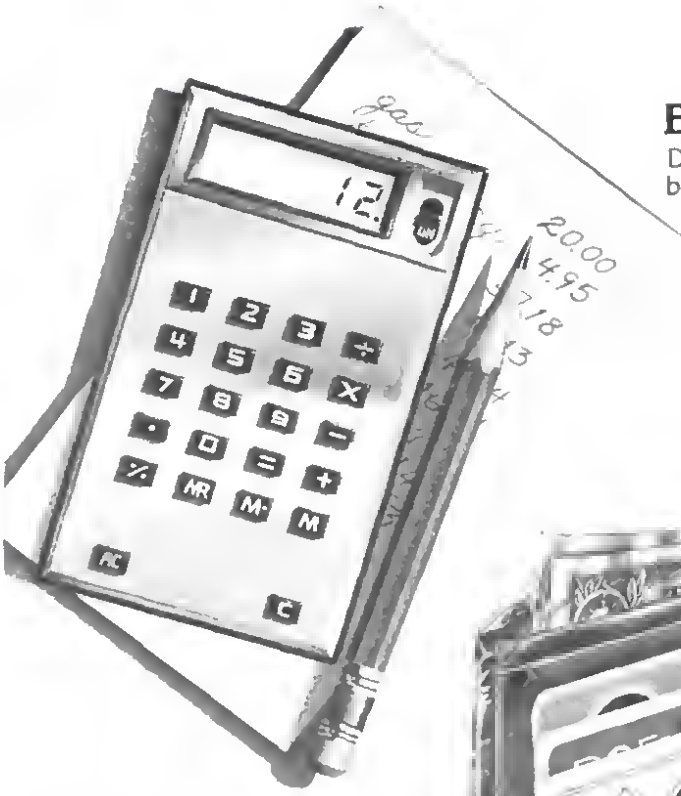
To help with your personal inflation-fighting plan, we've outlined some easy-to-adopt ideas here. And our new booklet has many more. For a free copy, see the opposite page.

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soon. Too close. No, no, *NO*! Not good!" Later he tells the boy, "Don't go so straight. Make more round turns, nice round turns on the outside ski. You go straight to the gate and then you have to turn hastily. Practice an extreme high line so you can feel the difference."

That night at a videotape session, Sailer explains, "Only five racers in the world don't go too straight to the gates. Phil Mahre is one of them. The perfect one is Stenmark." To Sailer, who has an almost superhuman "eye" for a racer's technique, it's clear why Ingemar Stenmark is the greatest slalom and giant slalom racer ever, and why Mahre won the World Cup this year. "They take the higher line, which—believe it or not—is the faster line," Sailer says. "If I schuss down from one meter above you, I'm going to be faster. I may have a longer way to go, but I have one meter more of the steepness."

Sailer has a staff of a dozen coaches, including Nancy Greene Raine, who won gold and silver medals for Canada in the 1968 Olympics and was the overall World Cup women's champion in 1966, '67 and '68. She heads the camp's novice and intermediate racing sessions. Wayne Wong, also a Canadian, won the North American freestyle championships several times and the European championships in 1973. He heads the freestyle classes. For those who don't care to race or hot-dog, there is recreational leader Bob Dufour, an experienced ski school director. Anybody who has a few basic skills—you must at least be able to turn properly—and who is in shape to hike a bit (through deep snow some days) can participate and probably improve.

Whistler Mountain has a portable T-bar lift that is installed for the summer season far beyond where the regular chair lift ends. To reach the T-bar, one must hike 20 minutes after alighting from the chair lift. A typical day at camp begins at 8 a.m., when the students arrive at the glacier. They free-ski for an hour, then are divided into groups for serious instruction: recreational skiers to the left, advanced, intermediate and novice racers on slalom courses down the middle, freestylers on a mogul run to the right. The sessions last 3½ hours. One day a week a luncheon is brought in by helicopter and served on snow tables that have a panoramic view of Garibaldi Lake.

Glacier skiing is best in the morning, when the bowl is usually bathed in 70° sunshine, so afternoons are occupied

continued

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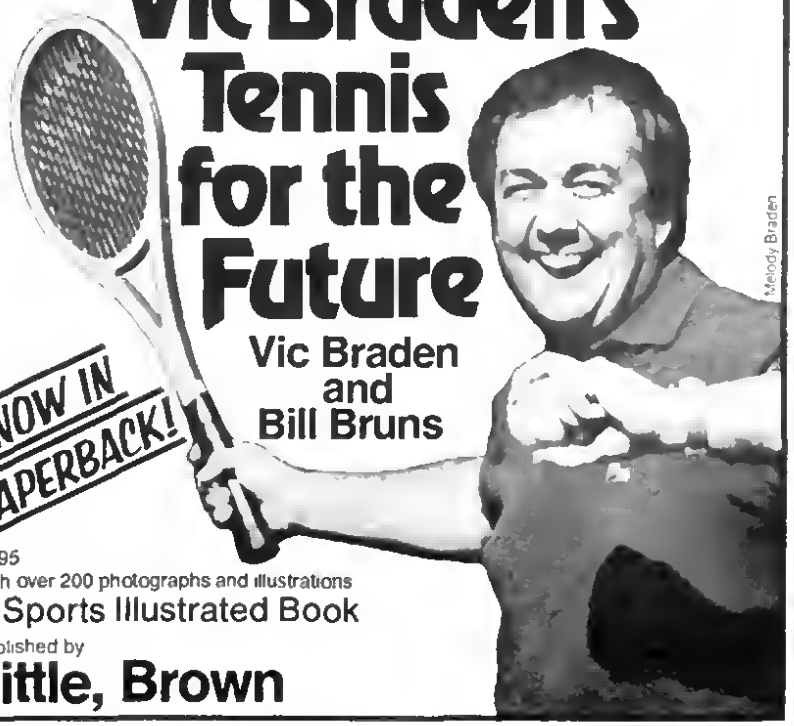
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with soccer matches, swimming, sailing or sight-seeing. In the evenings there may be question-and-answer sessions with the coaches or analyses of the students' racing styles as they view their videotapes. Does Sailer spend as much time with the hopeless cases as with the talented kids? "Life in the mountains is tough," he says, "but never hopeless."

Leslie Rice, 16, from Osburn, Idaho, who took part in last year's advanced racing camp, says, "I had been to a lot of camps, and I was looking for something different. The coaching I found at the Toni Sailer Camp was what I wanted. You get individual attention. Toni talked to me a lot. He has been through it all. He understands what I'm striving for. Many camps I've been to based themselves strictly on racing. At Whistler, it was fun to watch the other events, freestyle and everything."

Fourteen-year-old Craig Wilson from King City, Ontario, is another serious racer. "Just the fact that you come here in the summer and ski," he says, "even if you don't ski that well, helps tremendously when you get back into the racing season. It keeps you in shape. I like the personal atmosphere. You become friends with all the coaches and counselors. It's a combination of a ski camp and a regular summer camp, where you have all sorts of activities. You have to work hard on the glacier in the mornings, but when you come back you can learn how to use the trampoline. I want to go into World Cup racing someday. I never saw Toni race, but it's a goal of mine—to do as well as he did. The good thing about the camp is that Toni is always here. This isn't like some camps where the star only visits once or twice. Toni is there at the bottom of the course to pull you aside and tell you how to correct your mistakes. And you don't have to call him 'Mr. Sailer.'"

This year's sessions for juniors start on June 18, June 25 and July 2; adult sun/ski weeks begin July 11 and 18. Everybody stays at the brand-new Blackcomb Lodge in Whistler Village, a jewel of a ski resort that opened last Thanksgiving and is located just north of the mountain. Applications should be addressed to: Toni Sailer Summer Ski Camp, 2120 West 41st Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 1Z1. Toni says, "You need the exercise, I need the exercise. And then we can have the Wiener Schnitzel." **END**



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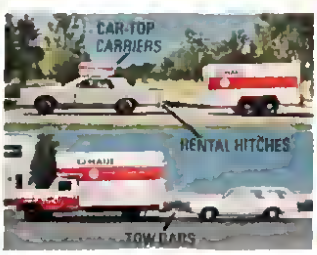


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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

THE FREE-AGENCY FACTOR

As these words were written, baseball was hurtling toward a May 29 strike deadline in the long-running player-owner dispute over how much compensation, if any, one club should give another for signing a free agent. Whatever happens, let the record show that the weeks leading up to the deadline did precious little to clarify the effects free agency has had on baseball. Has it upset the game's competitive balance? Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and some owners said yes. But other owners, the players and management's chief negotiator, Ray Grebey, said no. Might it drive some teams into bankruptcy? The owners sometimes implied as much. But there were occasions when those same owners suggested otherwise, as when, with the clock ticking toward the strike deadline, the Major League Players Association filed an unfair-labor-practices complaint against them in hopes of compelling them to open their books. The owners replied, in effect, that they really hadn't meant it all those times they had pleaded financial hardship. They weren't going broke because of free agency after all. Therefore, they were under no obligation to open their books.

Just what the effects of free agency *really* are is also of interest in other pro sports, which until now have imposed stiffer compensation restrictions on the movement of free agents than those existing in baseball. But that may be changing. The NBA has abandoned compensation in favor of "right of first refusal"; simply put, this means a club can retain a free agent by matching the best money offer he receives from another club. Last week Kansas City King Guard Otis Birdsong received a five-year, $800,000-a-year-plus offer from the Cleveland Cavaliers, a deal the Kings must match within 15 days if they want to keep him.

The NHL Board of Governors meets in Las Vegas next week with its Players Association, which wants to drop compensation in favor of unrestricted free agency but may be willing to settle for an NBA-style right-of-first-refusal arrangement. And at the NFL Players Association convention in late June in Chicago, an insurgent group led by agents and star players will urge the NFLPA to push for abandonment of compensation in favor of free agency. That move is resisted by Executive Director Ed Garvey, who prefers a formula by which players would receive fixed salaries based on length of service and pegged to increases in the NFL's gross revenues.

There could be fireworks in every sport over these efforts to modify free-agent procedures. The NBA's new right-of-first-refusal system may well become snagged on the thorny question of exactly what constitutes a matching offer. How do, say, $1 million in cash, a condo and a Rolls in L.A. compare with $1.25 million in deferred payments, a Bentley and a rent-free apartment in New York? Besides trying to assign dollar values to the various perks a free agent might be offered, how do you deal with the possibility, considerations of money aside, that a player might simply prefer the beach to Broadway? In other sports there are other problems. Would unrestricted free agency in the NHL enable Sonny Werblin to use some of that Gulf & Western money to buy a Stanley Cup for his long-frustrated New York Rangers? Might such a prospect be enough to steel other NHL owners against the Players Association's demands for unrestricted free agency—even to the point of accepting a strike? Finally, moving to the NFL, is there any earthly reason to think pro football's bosses would accept either unrestricted free agency or Ed Garvey's fixed-salary proposition? Sad to say, the acrimony that had driven baseball to the brink of a strike as this week began was by no means an isolated case.

BABY TALK

A women's international bowling tournament was held recently in Perry Hall, Md. and Jim Miller, who covered the event for the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, was struck by the names of two members of the team from the Philippines, Kitchie Benedicto and Bong Coo. Notes Miller, "If Kitchie marries Bong's brother, her name will be Kitchie Coo."

FOUL PLAY AFOOT

Three years ago notice was taken in this space of some ill luck that befell three thieves as they burglarized an apartment in New London, Conn. (March 20, 1978). The burglars hadn't realized that the man living upstairs was Ambrose Burfoot, onetime winner of the Boston Marathon.

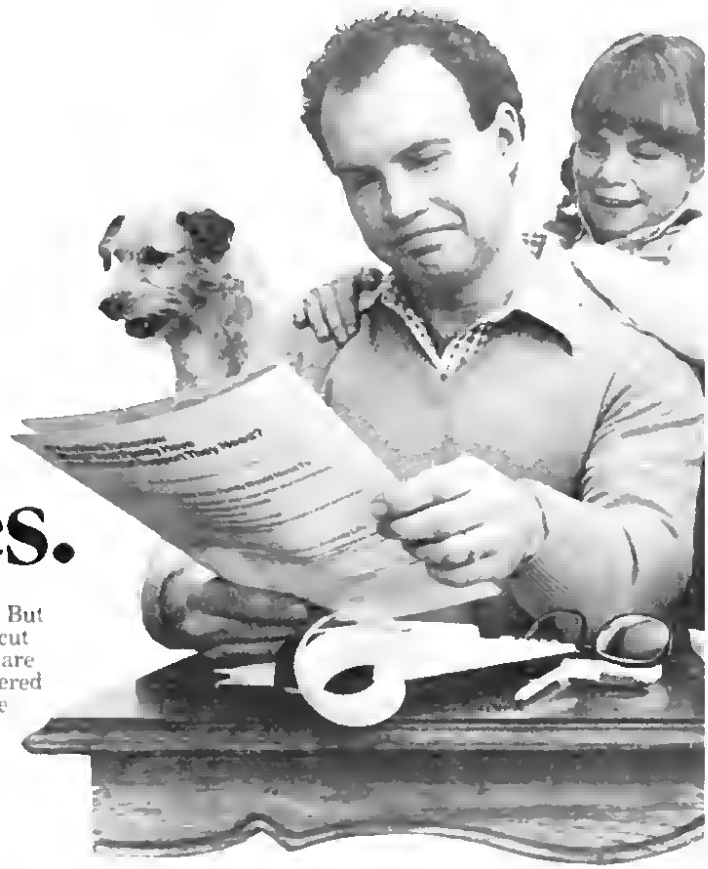


Burfoot chased and caught one of the culprits and turned him over to police, who later apprehended the accomplices. Burfoot said, "I considered it a personal affront that they thought they could escape from my house on foot."

If that unwitting invasion of a runner's turf was an affront, consider the gauntlet *knowingly* laid down by a man who, according to police in Eugene, Ore., walked into a Nike shoe store, put on a pair of running shoes in his size (10½) and fled the premises, with a salesman, Kevin Myers, and the store manager, Kelly Jensen, in hot pursuit. Down streets and through alleys the chase proceeded, covering a distance Jensen later reckoned to be three-quarters of a mile—or, if you prefer, 1,320 yards. Finally Myers and Jensen captured the fellow they were chasing. Identified as Gregory Alan Ylvisaker, he pleaded guilty last week in Lane County Circuit Court to third-degree robbery. Police quoted him as

continued

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saying, "I thought I could outrun them."

That was a miscalculation. Myers is an accomplished road runner, and Jensen has logged a 2:18:03 marathon; he also competed in the 1980 U.S. Olympic steeplechase trials. Jensen said he and other store employees had chased shoplifters on other occasions and had never failed to get their man. Sounding a Burfootian note of indignation, he added, "We don't catch 'em in the first 100 yards, but after that we get 'em."

NICARAGUAN BAN

When the Reagan Administration cut off U.S. aid to Nicaragua in April, it put itself very much in the company of former WBC super featherweight champion Alexis Arguello. Arguello, a Nicaraguan, expressed *his* disapproval of his country's regime by fleeing soon after Sandinista rebels overthrew President Anastasio Somoza in 1979. Now Arguello has less incentive than ever to return to his native land, because the Nicaraguan government recently became the only Western Hemisphere country besides Cuba to abolish professional boxing. That sport had ranked with baseball (Baltimore Oriole Pitcher Dennis Martinez is also a Nicaraguan) in popularity among the nation's sports fans, with pro bouts long attracting rabid crowds in Managua.

The law banning pro boxing provides for jail sentences and fines for promoters and fighters who violate it, and two of the country's leading promoters recently followed Arguello into exile. Juan Navarro, sports editor of *La Prensa*, a Managua newspaper that has been critical of the Sandinista government, says of the new edict, "It was a negative decision because the families of boxers have been left without means of support. Instead of banning boxing, they should have tried to humanize the sport and given it a better set of rules to protect the fighters physically and economically."

One loophole in the new law, for now anyway, is that Nicaraguan boxers are not expressly forbidden to fight professionally outside the country. Thus, light flyweight Rudy Crawford met WBC champion Hilario Zapata of Panama in a title bout on April 24 in San Francisco. Crawford lost a 15-round decision but reportedly was allowed to retain his $15,000 purse after returning home. Whether or not this loophole is eventually closed, the ruling junta obviously considers professional boxing hopelessly corrupt and, as one source put it, "a capitalist venture that exploits the boxer." The government has made it known that it intends to channel more money into amateur sports, including boxing, to make them more readily available to the masses.

THE PGA CHAMPIONSHIP

Concerned that golf isn't attracting enough younger fans, the PGA Tour has come up with a promotional brainstorm. A line of bubble-gum cards is about to go on sale featuring golf's top 60 money leaders for 1980, five of whom will also appear on another group of cards honoring such statistical leaders as Lee Trevino, who had the lowest strokes-per-round average, and Dan Pohl, tops in average driving distance. Produced by Donruss, the cards will sell for 25¢ for a pack of seven, gum included. PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman hopes that youngsters soon will be trading a Gibby for a Fuzzy the same way they might swap a Reggie for a Yaz. Beman also hopes the cards will turn kids on to the pleasures of golf, at which point they'll learn a melancholy lesson: Never crack your bubble gum during the hushed silence of somebody's backswing.

DUBIOUS PRECEDENT

Under a bill passed by the Idaho legislature and signed by Governor John Evans, taxpayers in that state will have the option next year of contributing up to $5 to the U.S. Olympic Committee by means of a checkoff box on their state-income-tax returns. The contribution is in addition to taxes; this distinguishes the checkoff from those on federal and certain state income-tax forms that citizens can use to earmark part of their taxes for political campaign funding. If a citizen has a tax refund coming, he can specify that up to $5 of it be directed to the USOC. If he owes taxes, he can add up to $5 to his payment. The bill's sponsor, State Senator Mike Mitchell, says that the measure is intended to help the U.S. field its strongest possible team at the 1984 Olympics. Though the scheme is expected to bring the USOC a relatively modest $40,000 a year from Idahoans, Mitchell hopes it will serve as a precedent to spur other states to adopt similar measures. "If one of those big ones pass it, we're talking about big bucks," Mitchell says.

Well intentioned though it certainly is, the Idaho law may be the kind of precedent lawmakers should think twice about. The problem is that fund raisers for many other worthy causes would dearly love to receive similar tax-return-checkoff privileges, which would involve little overhead for themselves and be relatively painless to contributors, many of whom may figure that as long as they're already paying so much in taxes, a few extra dollars for charity won't hurt. Oregon already has adopted a checkoff on its state income-tax form that citizens can use to contribute up to $5 to the State Department of Fish and Wildlife for nongame wildlife habitat protection. There has been a push in Congress to put checkoff boxes on federal tax returns to benefit the National Endowment for the Arts. In Idaho the legislature defeated amendments to Mitchell's bill benefiting the USOC that would have granted the same privileges to both the Special Olympics and public television.

As a fund-raising approach, use of tax-form checkoffs has the advantage of being voluntary. But David Keating, director of legislative policy for the National Taxpayers Union, warns, "Where would you draw the line once this gets under way? There are many good and qualified charities. But how much can you clutter up the tax form? It will just unravel into one big mess." Keating concludes: "If Idaho legislators want to raise funds for the Olympic Committee, there are other ways, such as speeches and banquets and fund raisers. You can get the people involved without giving the USOC a line on the tax form."

THEY SAID IT

• Harry Caray, Chicago White Sox broadcaster, making an on-air reference to the city's mayor, who recently took an apartment in a crime-ridden housing project to bolster residents' morale: "If the Cubs lose two more games, Jane Byrne will move into Wrigley Field."

• Walter Payton, explaining why he won't watch *Monday Night Football*: "It makes as much sense as a secretary going home and spending her nights typing."

• Tim Foley, retired Miami Dolphin defensive back, asked which memories he cherishes most from his NFL career: "Waking up from all of my operations."

• Alvan Adams, Phoenix Suns' 6′ 9″ center, asked if he considered himself too small to be playing that position in the NBA: "I'm as tall as I can be." **END**

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Sports Illustrated

A FIERCE



Unser signaled victory No. 3 after his No. 3 racer took the checkered flag

Roger Penske, a most meticulous Indianapolis car owner, believes in foresight and intense preparation. But not even Penske could have foreseen the outcome of the fiercest, most fiercely fought Indy 500 in years. Sunday his No. 1 driver, Bobby Unser, shooting for his third victory since 1968, drove a cool but perhaps too canny race. He staved off a series of on-track challenges from Johnny Rutherford, Tom Sneva, Mario Andretti, Gordon Johncock and a rookie who looks like a future winner, Josele Garza (*see box,*

AND FIERY 500

For the third time Bobby Unser was first across the finish line but Mario Andretti was ruled the winner

by ROBERT F. JONES



but it was victory No. 2 for Andretti when Unser was penalized one lap

page 26), and drove triumphantly into Victory Lane. But former teammate Andretti, as well as Johncock and A.J. Foyt, petitioned the stewards for a review of the race, claiming that Unser bent the rules following a pit stop on Lap 149 by passing seven cars under the yellow caution light then in force, rather than blending into traffic. Never in the 64 previous runnings of the 500 had a winner been stripped of victory, but on Monday the stewards ruled that Unser had indeed violated the caution-light rule and penalized him a

continued

lap. Because he had beaten Andretti across the line by a scant 5.3 seconds, Andretti thus became the winner. Penske immediately lodged counterprotests, but they were denied that evening.

"I know our three cars are ready," Penske had said a few days before the race. "We began driving them last September, worked all the bugs out in earlier, shorter races, and then just before we came down here for qualifying, we ran Bobby's car for 550 miles up at Michigan International Raceway. It flew, and it'll fly on Sunday."

But if it hadn't been for another seemingly minor decision by Penske, Unser's No. 3 might well have flown for naught and ended like several other cars—in flames. "In the past, I've pitted all the cars on my team together," Penske said. "This year we're going to spread them out. That way each pit crew—Bobby's, Rick Mears' and Bill Alsup's—won't be distracted by one another. Builds better concentration."

It did more than that. On Lap 58 Mears, who had come from 22nd at the start to take the lead, pitted his Penske PC-9B for fuel. His engine stalled as he started back into the race. As the crew tried to restart the car, methanol from the fuel hose splashed on the car's hot exhaust headers and *whoosh!* Mears, who won the 1979 race for Penske, bailed out of the cockpit wreathed in invisible flames. Three pit-crew members also suffered first- and second-degree burns. Had Unser been pitted right behind Mears, his car, too, might have caught fire and been finished.

"I had a little fire of my own to contend with," Unser said casually after the race. "It broke out in the cockpit somewhere there in the early laps, but just as it was getting a little too hot for com-



As Sneva leaves the pits (below), Mears' car is blasted with foam extinguishing flames that resulted in first- and second-degree burns to crewmen (insets) and Mears

fort, the wind blew it out." Unser, who began racing at Indy in 1963 and had won the race in 1968 and 1975, said it so offhandedly that one would think there was nothing particularly spooky about a fire in one's lap while motoring along at 190 mph.

Unser had won the pole position with a four-lap qualifying run averaging 200.546 mph, and when the green flag signaled Sunday's start he surged to an early lead. Rutherford, whipping up from his second-row starting position in his bright yellow Pennzoil Chaparral and hanging on Unser's tail, gave a firm indication



With the front of his car sheared off, the badly injured Ongais lies helpless, trapped in its remains





that the Jim Hall car, the victor last year, wasn't over the hill. A. J. Foyt lay third, just as he had on the starting grid. The first real thrill came from Tom Sneva. He had actually turned in the year's fastest qualifying time—200.691 mph—but because Sneva did it on the second round of trials, he sat back in the middle of the seventh row—in 20th position—at the start. By the fifth lap, Sneva had moved up to 11th. By the 13th lap he had overtaken Foyt for third.

Then on the 32nd lap Rutherford slowed on the backstretch. The Texan thought his crew had miscalculated and he had run out of fuel. Actually, what had

continued

finished Rutherford was the failure of a $5.47 drive belt in the Chaparral's "accessory box." Among other functions, the belt drove the fuel pump, and when it broke, the Cosworth V-8 could get no fuel. It would have required removing the engine—a five-hour task—to replace the belt. Exit three-time winner Johnny R

Now it was Sneva's turn to provide a challenge for Unser By the completion of the first hundred miles the former junior high school principal, driving a March-Cosworth, had built a healthy margin over Johncock, Gordon Smiley, Mears and the rest, with Unser lying ninth, though never out of striking distance. Andretti, meanwhile, had moved up from next to last at the start to the middle of the pack. He had been forced to start in the last row, when his Formula I racing commitments required him to return to Europe for the Belgian Grand Prix before he could qualify his Wildcat VIII. Sitting in for Andretti, Wally Dallenbach turned in a speed that would have put him in the third row, but the driver switch back to Andretti for the race put him at the rear of the pack, just ahead of Tim Richmond, who a few days before the race had bought his way into the car qualified by George Snider and was gridded 33rd.

A series of yellow caution periods kept cars and drivers ducking in and out of the pits, and made for a dizzying succession of lead changes among eight drivers. With 58 laps run, it was still anybody's race, with Sneva the momentary pacesetter. Then, having pitted for fuel and a change of tires, he stalled his engine on the way out. While his crew worked frantically to restart him, the fire suddenly erupted in the nearby Mears pit, sending spectators and safety crews scrambling. When the fumes and con-

P.R. - PERFECT AND PLENTY FAST

Of the 10 rookies to start the 65th Indianapolis 500, two were from the Psachie-Garza Racing Team, which itself was a rookie enterprise at the Speedway Dave Psachie, the team's manager and minority owner, is a short, stout, ambitious, Brooklyn-born Polish-American. The majority owner is a banking-real estate-auto-ice cream magnate—a fairly standard sort of description for an Indy car owner, except that this particular magnate happens to be a woman, Nadina Garza One of the two rookie drivers is Nadina's 22-year-old son, Josele, a young man so handsome that girls walk into walls when he passes and so rich that his boyhood pet lion had its own room in the family's 54,000-square-foot house in Mexico City. The team's other rookie is Geoff Brabham, an intense Australian whose father, Jack, is a three-time world driving champion.

Psachie is a self-made man, a partner in an aviation company in Southern California, who brags that he has "never really worked for anybody but myself in my life." His credentials for taking on the "Greatest Spectacle in Racing" were two successful years running a Super Vee team (Super Vees are like Indy cars, only smaller and slower, thus the Super Vee circuit is the Indy training ground). Psachie's plan is simple and ambitious This year his Indy cars were two brand-new Penske PC–9s driven by rookies plus an older Penske driven by veteran Steve Krisiloff, next year he wants them all to be driving specially designed Psachies . . . to Victory Circle.

Nadina Garza is an elegant widow who assumed her husband's position upon his death 11 years ago and has presided over the family's businesses ever since. "When I was a little girl I dreamed of having a big family of 12 children," Nadina says. "*Never* did I think I would be the mother of a race driver."

At the Speedway, Nadina's charm was matched only by her son's. Josele is described in the team's press releases as "ever-smiling," and he is. But his eyes, nearly black, seem to say there is something more to the man than the P.R.-perfect smile. The press releases didn't call him nerveless, but everyone else at Indy did, especially after he parked himself on the second row with a qualifying speed of 195.101 mph, the fastest rookie speed this year and the second fastest ever. The time was so quick even Josele was amazed. "I don't know where the hell it came from," he said. When the subject of pressure on Indy rookies was raised—he replied, "Hey, it's just a race," a response that belied his desire. Other times he said, the smile gone, "Racing is inside of me," and there was something about the way he said *inside of me* that made one think, hey, it's not just a race

Geoff Brabham, 29, was, like so many Indy rookies, experienced in other types of cars Whereas Josele isn't quite sure how racing got inside of him, Geoff knows it came via Jack, who was not only world driving champion in 1959, '60 and '66, but also raced at Indianapolis in 1961 and is remembered as the man who brought rear engines to the Speedway. He's now also known as Sir Jack, having been knighted in 1979.

Josele and Geoff get along well, but they are very different. It's not unusual when Psachie asks them a question for one to nod yes while the other shakes his head. Brabham was Super Vee champion in 1979, and when he switched to Can-Am cars in 1980, Garza took over, finishing second in the Mini-Indy Formula Vee series Psachie says he employed Brabham last year to tutor Garza, but Brabham says that wasn't quite the way it was, rather, all he did was give Garza advice when Garza asked. "One driver can't tutor another," Brabham says. "Once you're in that race car you're on your own Everybody's got a different personality and drives according to that personality." After a scary slide in his first qualifying lap, Brabham ended up 15th on the grid at 187.990 mph (the third Psachie-Garza car was qualified 18th at 186.722 mph by Krisiloff).

Fortunately for Nadina, her seat during the



Garza wowed the ladies and his fellow drivers.

fusion cleared, Danny Ongais was in the lead with Unser second. Ongais' lead was short-lived, however. He had just refueled and was entering Turn 3 when his Interscope racer suddenly veered nose first into the outside wall. It instantly flared into ugly orange flames as oil and body plastic ignited. Tires and half-shafts, coachwork and debris flew high in the air as the ruptured machine slithered, burning, down the short chute. It was as violent a crash as the Speedway has ever seen, and it seemed impossible that Ongais would emerge from the tangle alive. It took some 15 minutes for rescue workers to cut him from the mangled remains of the car. Though he suffered compound right leg fractures, a broken left arm and chest contusions, he wasn't severely burned, and by race's end the word from Methodist Hospital had him in serious but stable condition. Nonetheless, the horrifying crash put an emotional damper on the race's *midpoint*. And 28 laps later when Sneva stopped with a dead clutch, the 500 took on a new complexion. By now Johncock and Andretti were swapping the lead, with Garza hanging tough between them and Unser in fourth, keeping an eye on the leaders.

Then young Garza ticked the wall and spun out in the short chute between Turns 3 and 4. Not since the late Rodriguez brothers—Ricardo and Pedro—has Mexico produced so promising a driver. It was a shame he couldn't finish.

The final third of the race was all Unser. Johncock and Andretti battled for second place—a duel that ended only when Johncock lost power in Turn 3 with just six laps to go, leaving second place to Andretti. Unser, meanwhile, was extending his lead almost at will. At one point it stood at 14 seconds, but Unser, who had consistently turned laps near 190 mph throughout, coasted through the final laps at 170 and thus finished only 5.3 seconds in front.

Andretti had admitted privately two days before the race that he couldn't hope to run as fast as Unser. "But if I just motor patiently and take my best shots as they open up—maybe I can do it," he had said. The maybe did pan out, although not in a way Andretti would have wanted. He crossed the line second, just ahead of Vern Schuppan in a four-year-old McLaren. But at the race's three-quarter mark, under one of the 11 yellow caution lights that made this *the* slowest *500* since *1960* (a 139.029-mph average), an incident occurred that may have snatched victory from what was the fastest, best-prepared car in the race.

Emerging from the pits after a quick fuel stop for fuel and tires, Bobby Unser stayed down on the apron, below the yellow line that defines the limits of racing surface, and sped at 100 mph past seven cruising cars (following the pace car at about 85 mph) before he came up onto the track. Visually at least, it was a clear violation of the rules, which don't permit passing under the yellow. Andretti, who had also made a pit stop, followed Unser's car down pit lane, but whereas the Penske driver roared by the slow-moving cars on the track, Andretti ducked into the lineup toward the rear. United States Auto Club stewards huddled late into the night to consider the informal protest lodged by Andretti, Johncock and Foyt. When the official results were posted at *8 a.m.* Monday, the stewards had Andretti in first place; he had evidently won his second Indy, the first coming in 1969. Penske promptly lodged counterprotests with Chief Steward Tom Binford, arguing in part that Unser "was unfairly penalized at the end of competition for allegedly passing under the yellow flag." At 5 p.m. the stewards denied the counterprotests.

If Andretti survives Penske's expected appeal, Mario's victory will be tainted. As Pat Patrick, owner of what now apparently is the winning car, put it, "We are pleased, but yet disappointed, with the manner in which Mario's victory was recognized. The violation in question was reported promptly—on Lap 149—and we feel the penalty should have been levied at that time. If it had been imposed at that time, the final results would have been more fairly determined."

First place at Indy pays more than $300,000, small potatoes in a sport where campaigning a single car in the 500 can cost upwards of $150,000. The real payoff, of course, is in corporate publicity, but publicity curdled by controversy is the worst of news.

Andretti himself was well aware of that truth. At a press conference Monday morning, he was gracious, almost subdued. "I know how Bobby feels," he said. "At the Italian Grand Prix in 1978—my world championship year—I had the race taken away from me after I'd won. My teammate, Ronnie Peterson, was killed in that race. I wanted it if only to dedicate the victory to him. I know that doesn't make Bobby feel any better. Nobody's doing headstands about this." Andretti smiled wryly. "Now I'm going to have to forever explain and apologize for winning the race."

Penske, weary and blistered from the previous day's pit blazes, was stunned by the reversal—the first ever to a race winner in Indy history. "We weren't cheating," he said early Monday morning. "We had the fast car, no matter what the decision."

No one—not even Andretti—could seriously deny that fact. **END**

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500 didn't provide her with a view of Turn 3. For 350 miles she watched Josele run one of the strongest races a rookie has ever run at Indy. Much of the time he was in the top five, mixing it up with the likes of Bobby Unser, Mario Andretti and Gordon Johncock—*his heroes*. He even led for *13* laps; *rookies* just aren't meant to do such things. But then, on Lap 140, while he was in fourth, something in his rear suspension snapped. "The back end just started skidding, but it stayed down low. Then it finally slipped up against the wall," Josele said. As far as crashes go it was a gentle one, and Josele jumped out of the car unscratched. But when his feet touched *ground* the cheers were *resounding*. He shot one fist in the air and then the other. Finally he held both of them up as if he had just won a boxing championship. And as the ambulance carried him to the hospital for a routine checkup, the crowd stood as it applauded.

Even as the spectators cheered, Nadina was running across the infield to the hospital. She has seen her *son* in two Indy car races, and both have ended with *him* against the wall. Half an hour later he had changed clothes and he and his mother were with friends and family under their tent. Josele was exhilarated. He had done his best, better than anyone had expected. Perhaps he is a better race driver than even he thought he was. By then Nadina had stopped trembling and even managed a smile.

Geoff Brabham, meanwhile, was driving the race according to his own personality—smart and unspectacular. After a consistent 500 miles, he was fifth, the second-best rookie finisher behind Kevin Cogan, in fourth. The placement was not only better than Brabham had expected, but Krisiloff came in ninth as well. All in all, there was satisfaction in the team's compound.

—Sam Moses



HE GOT GOOD WEIGHT FOR HIS MONEY

It cost Wilfred Benitez $575,000 to move up in class, but he earned a big reward in any case. Maurice Hope's WBC super welterweight title **by PAT PUTNAM**

One big difference between Wilfred Benitez and the high rollers playing the tables as fight time approached last Saturday at Caesars Palace was that the gamblers had named their own stakes and Benitez hadn't, although he still had to play the hand he'd been dealt. Benitez would fight WBC super welterweight champion Maurice Hope for that title and a payoff of $175,000. Had Jimmy Jacobs, Benitez's co-manager, accepted another proffered match, Benitez might have been meeting Tommy Hearns somewhere else for the WBA welterweight title and $750,000—a difference of a cool $575,000.

Did Benitez have any input in the decision? Jacobs was asked. "Of course not," he said, seemingly surprised by the question. "When we took over Benitez's contract, we made a deal with him and his father, Gregorio, who trains him. He doesn't discuss with me how he'll fight, and I don't discuss managerial decisions with him." So much for that.

But Jacobs is no fool and Benitez is no tomato can, although the publicity accorded Sugar Ray Leonard, Hearns and Roberto Duran has tended to obscure his prowess. After eight bouts, the Jacobs-Benitez partnership has netted a total of $2.1 million in purses. On the question of whether to fight Hearns for more money or Hope for less, the matter of weight was crucial to Jacobs. "My concern was Wilfred's weight," he said. "I knew the agony he had making 147 pounds for Leonard." Benitez lost the WBC welterweight championship—and suffered the only defeat of his seven-year career—in that 1979 bout. The super welter class has a 154-pound maximum, no strain for Benitez. "Wilfred is only 22 and still growing," said Jacobs.

So, whether he liked it or not, the temporarily title-less Benitez, who had a 40–1–1 record and who had previously held both the WBC welterweight and the WBA junior welterweight crowns, would go for the super welterweight championship against Hope, a native of Antigua now living in London. A gritty and stylish lefthanded counterpuncher, Hope had lost but twice in 32 fights and hadn't been beaten since 1975. He had won the title in 1979 and had defended it three times since. Despite his record he was a 2½-to-1 underdog.

Entering the ring, Benitez charged to Hope's corner, where he stood, hands on hips, glaring at the champion. Finally, referee Richard Green came over and pushed Benitez toward his corner.







"You're going to lose," Benitez shouted over his shoulder.

Which turned out to be the case after four even rounds in which Benitez was content to display his skills as a defensive tactician, fighting mostly off the ropes and then escaping to pound Hope with heavy shots to the body. Following a sparring session a week before the fight, Hope had lost a tooth. In the second round Saturday, a Benitez right had removed another. In the ninth, after a particularly savage right to the face, Hope would spit out a third. What a week for the tooth fairy!

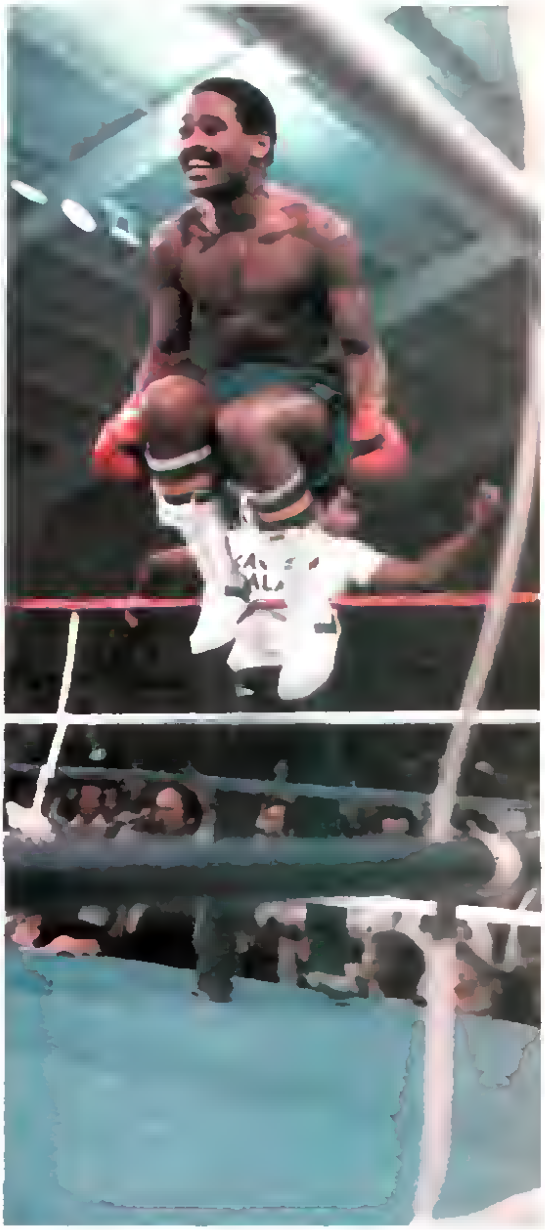
In the fourth, Benitez was cut slightly in the corner of his right eye. (In the ninth, he would be cut in the corner of his left eye; neither was bothersome.) By the fifth round Hope was spitting blood from a torn mouth. He was clearly earning his $450,000 purse. In the sixth, the terrible body beating Hope was taking began to exact its toll. Benitez slammed the champion back against the ropes with a wicked left hook to the jaw, followed by a barrage of 18 straight punches before Hope could escape.

Then came a bizarre interlude. Benitez came out for the seventh with his trunks strangely bulging. Noticing the bulge, Green stopped the fight and sent Benitez to his corner where his handlers removed an ice bag they had neglected to take from inside his trunks. "I didn't know what it was," Green said later. "Then I saw the top of the ice bag. I couldn't believe it."

By the 10th round Hope was backing away, and Benitez, his right hand cocked, was stalking him. Near the end of the round the right drove Hope back onto his heels and a second right put him on the floor. The bell rang as he made it to his feet.

On sheer courage the champion weathered the 11th round, but he didn't make it through the 12th. Hurt early by a hook to the body, he backed onto the ropes near his corner. Benitez moved in swiftly and smashed a thunderbolt right cross flush against Hope's jaw. The challenger started to throw another punch but checked it as he watched Hope topple senseless to the floor.

Benitez's crushing right in the 12th ended Hope's hopes and put him on the canvas for five minutes.



Benitez, a three-time champ, was hoppin' glad.

Green started the count, then stopped to wave Benitez back to a neutral corner. "I turned to pick up the count," Green said later, "and I saw it didn't matter. Hope was out cold."

Thus ended Benitez's input for the afternoon. He had earned, as Jacobs will surely note in future negotiations, a fairly heady distinction in addition to the title. He had become the first fighter in 43 years—and the fifth and youngest ever—to win world titles in three divisions. His name is now up there with Bob Fitzsimmons, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross and Henry Armstrong. And that might just turn out to be worth far more than that $575,000 differential. **END**



In the jockeys' room at Belmont Park, Velasquez is the very portrait of a patient man as he, perhaps, weighs the tactics that he'll use in his next race

SCALING THE HEIGHTS AT LONG LAST

Through 17 years of race-riding and 4,000 wins, Jorge Velasquez has waited for the day he would be a star. Finally he has the right horse, Plaasant Colony, and two legs of the Triple Crown. Now it's on to the Belmont Stakes **by WILLIAM NACK**

Rare are the moments in any sport when an athlete so clearly defines the essence of his art that in a sense he establishes standards for all those who practice it. In race-riding such moments almost invariably are the result of the tensions created in facing risks and the consequences involved in taking them. Do I go outside, where I lose ground but avoid trouble, or do I try to get through on the rail and hazard getting caught in a switch? Do I move now, or do I wait? Do I follow this horse, or that horse? How fast are we going, anyway? Should I take back, or lie close?

Over the past few years—in the major races where risks are magnified by the importance of the outcome—one can recall several instances when a jockey has imposed himself so decisively upon a race that the horse would not have won without him. Each performance, in its way, was a masterpiece.

There was Angel Cordero's ride aboard Cannonade in the 23-horse Kentucky Derby of 1974, with Cordero staying outside as the field stretched out, then seeing his opportunity and boldly seizing it, angling the colt to the perilous rail. Scooting along the fence in a rush, saving ground, Cordero sprinted to the lead on the last turn and rode on to win his first Derby.

There was Bill Shoemaker's ride on 6-year-old Forego in the 1976 Marlboro Cup, when the old horse looked hopelessly out of it turning for home. Forego was drifting out in the stretch, losing ground, but Shoemaker never tried to straighten him, perceiving that to do so might break the momentum of Forego's run. Under a flawlessly rhythmic, exquisitely timed ride, Shoe coaxed and pushed his mount and won by a bob of Forego's head.

There was Steve Cauthen's ride on Johnny D in the 1977 Washington, D.C. International at Laurel. Johnny D. ran head and head with Crow through a slow first mile on soft turf, with favored Exceller and Majestic Light chugging along in the ruck, waiting to make their moves. Suddenly, with half a mile still to run, Cauthen said, "Go!" and Johnny D.

exploded, opening six insurmountable lengths in one sustained burst of speed.

And there was, finally, this year's 21-horse Kentucky Derby and Jorge Velasquez sitting as still as a piece of statuary on Pleasant Colony's back, letting the colt relax on the outside, out of trouble, patiently waiting down the backside for the speed to fry itself and then making his run into the turn and around the last jammed bend for home. Masterfully, like a New York cabbie in a traffic jam, Velasquez watched the horses shifting before him, adroitly weaving the colt inside of some and outside of others until he came to a clearing at the turn for home. There was still a quarter of a mile to go, but Velasquez had the Kentucky Derby won by then. "It was a painting!" says Angel Penna, the great Argentine trainer.

Velasquez had been painting like that for years, though too few have noticed. He has won six New York riding titles since he started working the tracks there in 1968, and he is one of only four jockeys in history—Shoemaker, Cordero and Laffit Pincay Jr. are the others—to have won more than $50 million during his career. Velasquez has his loyal following, to be sure. "He is the greatest rider in the world," says fellow Panamanian Heliodoro Gustines, a former jockey who is now a trainer. But for years Velasquez has lived on the outskirts of fame, his mastery underrated or unacknowledged.

Surely some of this has to do with the timing of his arrival in New York and his reticent manner. When Velasquez came to Gotham, the turf was ruled by riders such as Eddie Belmonte—brilliant on the racecourse, high-living off it—and Braulio Baeza, the peerless tactician whose erect carriage and inscrutable visage gave him an aura all his own. Velasquez also shared the same jocks' room with Cordero, who sang or his way to the paddock, rode flashily and did dismounts like Nadia Comaneci.

Yet, even the years spent around the likes of Cordero and Baeza couldn't have prepared Velasquez for the Cauthen Era and the frustration of the spring of 1978. Velasquez had dreamed for years of winning the Kentucky Derby. In December of 1967, on his way to securing the national title for races won with 438, he said, "Of course I'd like to win 400 or more again next year, but if I had my choice, I'd rather win the Derby than anything. When you've won the Derby, everyone knows your name."

But year after year he came up empty. Not only did he not win the Derby, but he also didn't win either of the other two Triple Crown races, the Preakness or the Belmont Stakes. But Velasquez had good reason to believe that 1978 would be different, because he was coming to the spring classics aboard Alydar. It was Velasquez's longest season. Three times he thought he had Affirmed and Cauthen beat, and three times he couldn't get by them. He finished second in each race—a length and a half behind in the Derby, a neck back in the Preakness, a head behind in the Belmont. Velasquez had been involved in the most stirring series of duels in the history of the Triple Crown, but there was little solace in that.

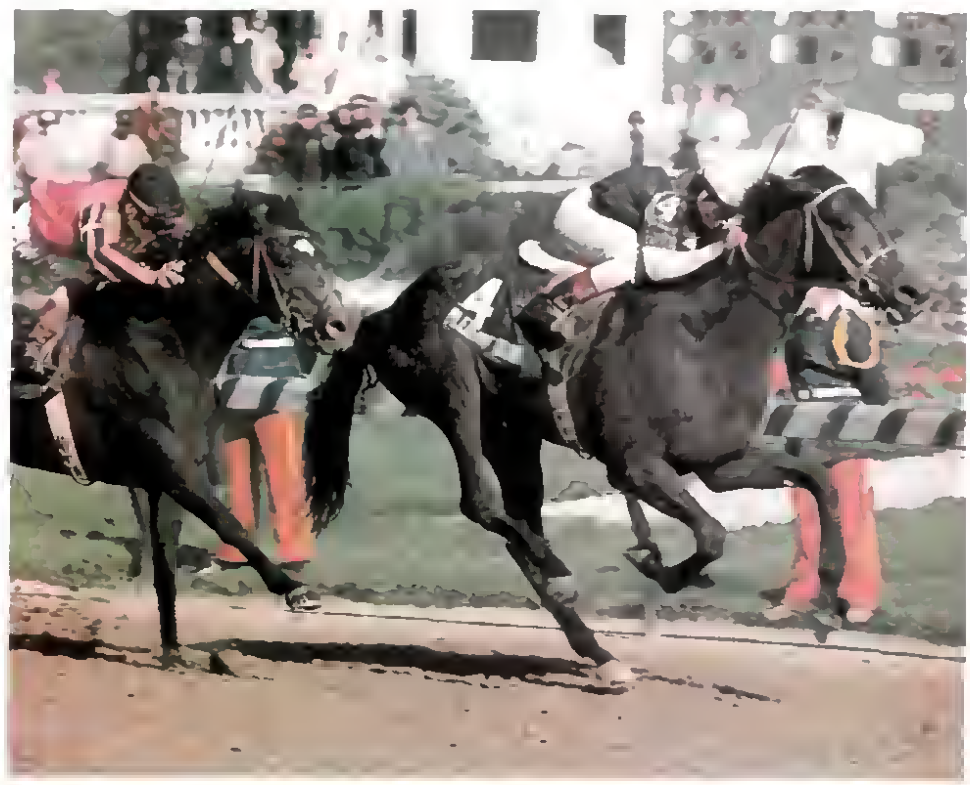
"Each time he'd say, 'This time I'm going to beat him!' " says his wife, Margarita. " 'This time . . . this time!' "

"Very frustrating," Velasquez says.

The next year was clouded by charges by Jockey Jose Amy that Velasquez, along with Cordero, Baeza and others, had fixed races. These accusations were similar to those previously made by convicted race fixer Tony Ciulla. Velasquez denies the allegations. But lately things have been looking up for Velasquez. In the last few weeks he has won not only his first Derby, but his first Preakness as well. And what is most striking was how confidently he handled Pleasant Colony at Pimlico. During a dogfight with Bold Ego midway through the stretch, Velasquez put away his whip and hand-rode his colt to the wire. "What Georgie did from the eighth pole to the sixteenth pole was remarkable," says John Campo, Pleasant Colony's trainer. "He put his stick down. That takes a lot of guts. You're not going to see a race-ride like that for a long time."

"Pleasant Colony didn't need the whip," Velasquez says. "There's no use knocking him out."

Late last winter, when Velasquez's horse, the early Derby favorite, Lord Avie, hurt himself in Florida, Velasquez didn't even have a mount for the classics. Today he's odds on fa- *continued*



Velasquez maneuvered Pleasant Colony through heavy traffic to win the Derby by almost a length

vorite to win the Belmont on June 6 and ride back to the winner's circle on America's 12th Triple Crown champion. He has been a long time getting there.

Velasquez was born in Panama City on Dec. 28, 1946, the son of a butcher who was separated from Jorge's mother before the boy was a year old. Jorge's father put his son under the care of Jorge's Aunt Francisca. Francisca lived with her family in Chepo, a small farming town about 25 miles north of the city, in a house with dirt floors, bamboo walls and a thatched roof. Velasquez recalls waking up as a young boy and seeing his aunt pacing the kitchen: "Walking around and around, worried because she didn't have anything to serve for breakfast."

Jorge started working in the fields at age eight, picking beans and tomatoes for $1 a day, sometimes from 6 a.m. to 4 p.m., under the enervating Panama sun. "I had to force myself to work so I could pick as much as a grown man and earn the whole dollar," he says. He worked for a bakery when he was 12, arising at 5 a.m., walking an hour to the neighboring town of Las Margaritas, where the bakery was located, and delivering loaves of bread there and in Chepo from a large bag perched on his right shoulder. "I got paid in bread," he says. "It was tough, but I remember that I never went to sleep without eating. I always had something in my stomach then."

At the urging of a friend, who thought Jorge could be a jockey, and with the reluctant blessing of his adoptive mother, to whom he had grown very close, Velasquez left Chepo when he was 13 years old and moved to Panama City to live with his father, work in the butcher shop and look for a job at the Hippodromo Presidente Remon, the local racetrack. Jorge was 5′ 3″ and 100 pounds and kept telling Francisca, "I want to be like Braulio Baeza." It was not so wild a dream. Baeza, the leading Panamanian jockey at the time, had come from a background very similar to Velasquez's. Jorge had worked with his father for three months when he landed a job at the track with one of Panama's top trainers, Felix Rodriguez. "He reminded me of Don Quixote," Velasquez says. "Very thin." Rodriguez kept Jorge lean, too, paying him off in experience. "I was working for nothing, walking hots, mucking stalls, feeding, cleaning," Velasquez says. "I did everything. It's not easy to be a rider in Panama, but I wanted to learn. I loved it from the beginning."



Sure signs of success: a happy family and a wall of silver

He had to. His father gave him an allowance of 75¢ a day, each night leaving it on the kitchen table, but Jorge spent 60¢ just getting to and from the track. Pitching pennies ultimately saved him. "I got good, real good," he says. "I used to make two, three dollars a day pitching pennies." Meanwhile he studied for his jockey's license under Bolivar Moreno, a former jock who ran a school at the track, and picked up the rudiments of his craft by straddling a barrel with rope stirrups and reins. "It gives you the idea," Velasquez says. "You learn how to keep low, how to position yourself, how to hand-ride, how to hit a horse, how to come out of the gate. He told us how to save a horse—that it's not all jump from the go."

Velasquez hustled for chances to learn. Rodriguez gave him a broken-down racehorse named Susurro, a big bay with a bad leg, to ride and provide for. Velasquez panhandled for the horse, going from barn to barn to scrounge hay and oats. "He got leftovers," Velasquez says, "but I learned how to ride on that horse."

Velasquez was soon putting his learning to good use. Trainer Vasco Achong, who had encouraged Velasquez to stick it out when Jorge was considering going home to Chepo—"I couldn't get a mount," Velasquez says—gave him his first ride at the Hippodromo, on a horse named Guiño. There Jorge was, racing slowly on the outside, his reins flapping loosely, his horse going nowhere. As Jockey Antonio Henriquez passed him, he glanced over at Velasquez and yelled: "*Pelao* [boy], *recoge las reindas!*"

Velasquez gathered up his *reindas*, shortening his hold on the lines. Feeling his jock pick up the bit, Guiño grabbed it and took off. "It gave him confidence," Velasquez says. Guiño finished fourth, but he taught Velasquez how to take hold of a horse, transmit confidence through the lines to the bit. Velasquez's career was launched. He was a phenom in Panama City, just as Baeza had been before him and Pincay would be soon. By the time Velasquez started riding, in 1963, Baeza had already gone to the States—he won the Derby that year, on Chateaugay—under contract to owner Fred W. Hooper. Velasquez won 347 races in his three years in Panama City and either broke or equaled every record Baeza had set. His circumstances, meanwhile, changed dramatically. He was making $500 a week—they race only on weekends and holidays in Panama—sharing an apartment, driving a new white Renault and sending home money every week to Francisca. He no longer pitched pennies for lunch.

When Hooper contacted Velasquez in August 1965, offering him $500 a month to sign a three-year contract to ride in the U.S., he accepted. Velasquez rode his first U.S. winner on Sept. 20 at Atlantic City, and in the ensuing 17 years he has ridden more than 4,000 others. For all but the first four months of his career in the U.S. his book has been handled by Vic Gilardi, a peripatetic former produce dealer from Staten Island whose 16-year association with the rider is among the most enduring, as well as lucrative, in the business. Velasquez's mounts have

continued

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.



Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

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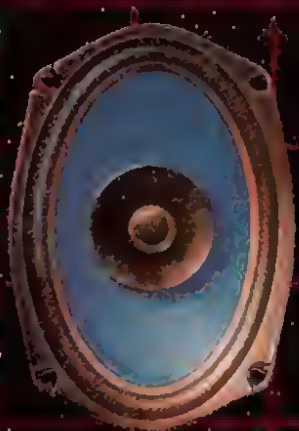


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MILES AHEAD IN SOUND EXPERIENCE.

won more than $5 million a year in each of the last three years. (A rider usually gets about 10% of the purses he wins, and in turn he gives 20% to 25% of those earnings to his agent.) "Our goal is to make that each year," Gilardi says. "And then relax."

There is no single quality to which one can ascribe Velasquez's uncommon ability to get a horse home. He is, horsemen say, an example of what they mean by a "complete rider," one who lacks no important dimension in performing on a racehorse. Calumet Farm Trainer John Veitch, for whom Velasquez rode champions Our Mims and Davona Dale as well as Alydar, says, "He has all the attributes of a brilliant rider. He has good hands, his use of a stick is superb, he switches his stick well and he's a superb tactician—he knows how a race is being run, what's going on in a race. He's strong and has tremendous endurance, whether you're going three quarters of a mile or a mile and a half. There's a oneness between a good rider and a horse: Cordero, Shoemaker, Velasquez—they're an *asset to a horse, they move with a horse,* in rhythm, as a unit. All brilliant riders have a combination of things that separate them from the merely good riders. It's hard to describe. It's like watching a world-class gymnast or a Baryshnikov."

Clues to two of Velasquez's more remarkable talents may be found in reading the names of Eclipse champions for whom he has been the regular rider. Since 1969 he has ridden the following top males: Fort Marcy, Hawaii, Snow Knight and Bowl Game. And he has ridden the following Eclipse fillies: Forward Gal, Desert Vixen, Chris Evert, Dearly Precious, Proud Delta, Our Mims, Tempest Queen, Late Bloomer and Davona Dale. Not coincidentally, the four males were all champions on the grass, a surface over which Velasquez is an acknowledged master. It's also the surface he prefers, and for a reason that illustrates one of his salient qualities. "He waits, he sees what happens," Penna says. "He looks—this horse moves over and he moves over." Which is why Velasquez prefers grass. On dirt, with clods flying, it's more difficult to see than on the grass. "The dirt isn't coming back as hard on the turf," Velasquez says. "You've got to be aware of everything. I'm always back there. I have to know who I'm going to follow. Split-second decision."

That he has ridden all those filly champions points to something else about Velasquez. Trainer Lou Rondinello, for whom Velasquez rode Tempest Queen, says Velasquez's style suits fillies well. He's a sit-still, patient rider with marvelous hands—"unbelievable hands," Penna says—and most fillies run better under that kind of handling. "You've got to get them to relax," Rondinello says. "They're more hyper than colts, and he gets them to relax."

"Fillies are more delicate and moody and you have to treat them right, with kindness," Velasquez says. "You can't handride them too strong, you can't hit them *too* hard. You have to talk to them, baby them, have patience with them. Sit still."

It's his *paciencia*, Velasquez says, that has helped make him one of the most noted photo finishers in New York. And his nerves. "The secret of the photo finish is to have the nerves to wait to the last sixteenth of a mile," says Velasquez, "to save something and not get so anxious at the quarter pole because you think you're going to get beat when the other horse comes to you. When the other horse comes to you and doesn't pull away, that's when you have to take advantage and wait just a little bit more, a little bit until the last sixteenth. And *boom!* You have to have the nerves and the good timing to come back and *boom!* But first the nerves. Patience, patience. Wait, wait."

Velasquez has waited a long time, patiently, for the acclaim he has received in the last few weeks, for the Derby and Preakness victories and for the opportunity that will be his next week at Belmont Park. And he's savoring every moment of it. One evening last week Jorge was sitting with Margarita and their three children—Jorge, 10, Michele, 9, and Monique, 5—in their home in Woodmere, N.Y. The children had been talking about the Belmont, and Margarita was growing restless. "Georgie," she finally said, "I can't wait for the race to come so the whole thing will be over."

"Why are you so anxious for the Belmont to be over?" Velasquez asked. "When it's over, that's it. When it comes it will be over, and we'll have to wait another year. Don't be so anxious."

Paciencia, Margarita, *paciencia*. **END**



Trainer Campo imparts a few thousand words of wisdom.



Agent Gilardi has booked mounts for Velasquez for 16 years

GUZZLERS AND DITTERS

The best U.S. and British surfcasting beaches are jammed, but experts over there beat crowds by casting as far as 600 feet

by CLIVE GAMMON

The two beaches, more than 3,000 miles apart, are windswept, desolate and barren, at least to those who have never known the joys and despairs of a surf fisherman. The first is at Cape Point, hard by Hatteras Lighthouse on the Outer Banks of North Carolina, where the Atlantic tides that have smashed their way over the Diamond Shoals churn through a narrow gut into the calm shallows of Pamlico Sound. There crabs and baitfish provide a fat living for the heavy-shouldered channel bass that come sliding in with the current.

The other beach is at Dungeness Point, hard by Dungeness Lighthouse on the southeast corner of England, where the Channel tides are constricted in the Strait of Dover and meet the Scandinavian Current swilling down from the North Sea. The confluence creates a huge tidal eddy close to shore that fills with crabs



Paul Kerry, who displaced Terry Carroll as world long-distance champ, casts with a guzzler—or spinning reel (left)—then a standard U.S. model

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM FINLAYSON



No ditter he, Carroll takes Barebones and a taped-on reel and gets off a typical heave of 660 feet

and baitfish, on which browse regiments of fat cod.

Two superb stretches of coast, one would think, for the surfcaster. Two perfect ambush points from which to intercept heavy runs of fish. Two Edens. Take a closer look.

Cape Point, on a balmy fall day: The beach is so lined with RVs that it's hard to see the ocean's edge. It's just as well that roughly 75% of the humanity present is sitting on beach chairs, Willie Nelson on the radio and cold beer in hand, because there's no room for them in the sea, especially out there on the sandspit from which it's possible to cast into deeper water.

And the sandspit is a cutthroat world where the morality of the New York subway prevails. A good fish is hooked. In Eden anglers in the vicinity would reel their lines in so as not to interfere. Not here. The fishless ones move in on the lucky one. Lead weights whistle over his head, a dozen lines cross his. For every fish landed on the sandspit, three are lost.

Cross the Atlantic and head for that other demiparadise on the coast of Kent. It has one small advantage. No RVs, the beach here is steep, composed of shingle, a huge accumulation of tiny stones. To make up for this, there's a small city of tents along the high ridge, and yes, there are non-participants with beer cans and radios, though the music is punk rock rather than country. And at Dungeness Point, too, wall-to-wall anglers clog the best spots to fish from, leading to the same crossed lines, the same outbursts of profanity.

And here, just as at Hatteras, one finds a minority of serious anglers trying to cope with the ineptitude of the weekend cowboys. On the Outer Banks, though, dedicated surfcasters have the option of escape. They can settle for less productive sections of the coast, restrict themselves to night fishing, take ferries to more remote islands. Not so at Dungeness, a mere two-hour drive from London, where that magical eddy can be reached only from a limited stretch of shore. There the serious surf fisherman has had to find a better way to get at his prey or quit. The anglers' disgust with the mob scene is couched in terms almost identical with those you hear in North Carolina. "Some of the people on this beach would never be able to do anything," said one of them at Dungeness on a recent carnival weekend. "In a gym, they'd wreck the equipment. If they got on to any kind of team, they'd be slung out fast. Think of them in a golf club. They'd be booted right through the door. *Swiftly*. But because it's just good old fishing, they don't think they have to acquire any level of performance. They don't care who they screw up."

The man speaking is 35, broad-shouldered, apparently athletic. There's a gap, a memento of boxing, in his front teeth. But what one notices most is the almost-fanatical gleam in his eyes. He's a fargone surf-fishing addict, one so deeply hooked by the sport that he lives in an old railroad car that rests permanently on the bleak, level shingle behind the ridge at Dungeness. From there he's always within five minutes' walking distance of the hottest section of the beach.

Terry Carroll is his name, and he believes—and he's probably right—that he's the second-best handler of a surf rod in the world. That's reason enough to indulge him in his passionate denunciation of the cowboys.

"Look at the way they wire their gear up," he goes on. "The knots they tie are incredible. I've got over a lot of the problems here, but I still get hung up in cracked-off tackle. Would you believe what I was hauling up here the other day? Old-fashioned toilet-chain handles! Old porcelain ones! Guy must have been a janitor or something, had a supply, used them as sinkers!"

continued



Carroll pulled three cod, including this plump one, in half an hour from a sand gully off Dungeness.

SURFCASTER *continued*

Carroll shakes his head, like a revivalist preacher contemplating souls on the straight route to hell. "Then they get angry when they see you catch fish!" he says. "Had this club here the other Sunday, some group from London. 'You seem to be doing well,' said one of the members. And the next thing, the club secretary came over to make a formal complaint, because, he said, I was *intercepting their cod* before the fish could reach their baits!"

Carroll and other dedicated English surf fishermen have a definitely elitist term for run-of-the-beach anglers like the visitors from London. "Ditters" they call them. And truth is, in all probability Carroll and his friends do intercept the ditters' fish, because skilled surfcasters have overcome the congestion along the shore by pushing the techniques and technology of long-distance casting to their current practical limits.

The distances achieved by Carroll and numerous other English anglers, using production tackle under tournament conditions, are astonishing. Until he quit tournament casting in 1979 to attend to his rod-making business, Carroll was No. 1 in the world when it came to casting with the 150-gram (5¼-ounce) sinker, regarded as the closest to that used in average surf conditions. His best throw in a tournament was 693 feet; he did an unofficial 753 feet in a demonstration. And since Carroll's retirement, a 26-year-old engineer from Norfolk named Paul Kerry, the new No. 1, has hit 723 feet, in the 1980 United Kingdom Surfcasting Federation tournament.

All those distances were made, of course, without a bait aboard. *With* a baited hook, men like Carroll, Kerry, John Holden and Dave Docwra toss their rigs maybe 550 or 600 feet. More or less for the hell of it, in a recent tournament another leading caster, Peter Coull, threw a rig 495 feet with *three* baited hooks.

The news of such performances has percolated through to the U.S. in recent months and been received with frank incredulity. Not surprisingly. Professional guides on the beaches of the Outer Banks estimate that around 300 feet seems to be their limit, even when they are trying for as much distance as possible.

Carroll doesn't find the disparity hard to understand, given the tackle Americans use. "I used to drool over an American tackle catalog I had as a kid," he says. "Dated 1954, it was, and the gear looked good. But I've got another one now, 1979, and the only thing that has changed is the quality of the paper. How come the Yanks got stuck in the 1950s?

"Look at those short, stiff rods they use, only nine- or 10-foot! The grips like tennis-racket handles, the reel fittings that weigh a quarter pound, all the cosmetics, the varnish, the colored bindings. My God, they're still using metal ferrules. And nothing but guzzlers, guzzlers, for casting!"

Guzzler is the disparaging name used in Carroll's circles for a spinning reel, or fixed-spool reel, as the English call it. England's long-distance casters claim that a spinning reel goes *guzzle, guzzle* as one reels in. By some odd quirk, it's the older American-invented conventional reel that the best British surfcasters favor, while on American beaches one sees little but the British-invented spinning reel. Or guzzler. And in an even odder twist, as will shortly be seen, the guzzler is on the verge of becoming respectable again.

What baffles and saddens Carroll, who 25 years ago was a firm believer in the excellence of American technology, is why this state of affairs, why the stagnation in the development of U.S. surf-fishing gear? And he looks around for reasons. "Perhaps the beach fishing in the States is so much better than ours that the anglers there don't have to think of long casting so much," he says.

There's a partial truth in this, though the difference is not as marked as some Americans may think, and other factors would seem to invite the introduction of more sophisticated equipment. Especially along much of the East Coast of the

continued


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U.S., where so many open beaches are within a day's drive of one large city or another, ever increasing numbers of anglers are chasing a seemingly ever decreasing supply of fish. The crowded beaches alone would appear to put a premium on gear that would enable a serious angler to break free of the mob. And the final, unanswerable argument in favor of having the tackle and skills to cast a great deal farther is that while a surf fisherman doesn't need the capability all the time, there will be occasions when he does.

But for whatever reasons, surf casting—limiting that expression to casting with a natural bait and a sinker—has been a somewhat neglected art in the U.S. No American versions of Carroll and Kerry have appeared. The art of angling never advances on a broad front. Innovators in any specialty are almost always a small group, and in recent years what has interested the more forward-looking among U.S. saltwater fishermen has been fly-fishing and various other light-tackle techniques. Also, unlike the case in England, where the opacity of the water is greater and different species of fish are involved, much of American surfcasters' energy is spent on improving the throwing of plugs and other lures.

What, precisely, have the innovators in England come up with that enables an average English angler to cast farther than an Outer Banks guide?

Though Carroll himself would take considerable exception, the story is best told through his angling career. As early as 1960, there were English surfcasters who saw the need for improved techniques and gear, most notably a man named Leslie Moncrieff who preached the notion—modest as it seems now—that every angler could hit 350 feet if he tried. Moncrief was 6′ 7″, and when he toured angling clubs, demonstrating his techniques (for free—all Monty wanted to do was help), they told him the only reason he could cast 500 feet or so was because of his height. So he'd get down on his knees and throw 500 feet from that position.

The young Carroll was a very early convert and had the perfect qualifications for a fishing innovator, first because he was a passionate angler and second because he had an engineer's training. He was an instrument maker for ITT and was no run-of-the-mill technician. He was one of a team of eight allowed to fool around in a back room and come up with ideas in their own good time.

One suspects that much of Carroll's good time was given over to rod design, and he was specially disenchanted with the tapered, mass-produced rods of fiber glass—blanks, as they are known in the trade—that were available for rod building. "Some of the Conolon tips from the U.S. were O.K.," he recalls now, "but they didn't suit long-distance modern casting techniques. They were basically slow taper blanks, easy to produce, simple to market. They set the standard in fiber glass *to this day*. They are still being marketed because there's so much investment in tooling and so on."

The first chance of a breakthrough that Carroll saw was when graphite came on the market in the late '60s. "I went to Farnborough," he recalls, "to the Royal Aircraft Establishment where the stuff was invented for the aerospace industry, and talked to the guys there. But it was very expensive and there were production difficulties."

Nevertheless, working then for a company called Morgan Crucible, Carroll helped produce the world's first batch of graphite rods, 200 of them, in 1970. The next step was for him to go to the National Research Development Corporation, a governmental body in England founded to help establish new industrial processes. There he was told firmly that such an expensive material had no future in the production of sporting goods—not fishing rods, golf clubs, vaulting poles, yacht masts, tennis rackets or anything. "So we came to a grinding halt," he says wryly, "and we sat back to wait for graphite to come on the market at a competitive price."

Other disappointments followed in Carroll's effort to build the perfect surfcasting rod. Finally, a year ago, he sold his house in Brighton, rented the old railroad car at Dungeness and a big shed a few miles up the road, which he equipped with a lathe, an oven, a press operated by a car jack and other bits and pieces. There, when he's not fishing, he produces about 40 blanks a week, all by home cooking, that retail at around $240 apiece.

Oddly, as casting distances have grown greater, rod building has turned into a kind of cottage industry in parts of England, with mass-produced rods being scarcely marketable. Even the ditters insist on custom jobs. Carroll says, "With carbon-fiber [graphite] sheets at $25 the small piece, there is no way you can use semiskilled labor on it, man, or you'd rapidly lose a lot of money."

So in the shed, Carroll works with only one assistant. "The breakthrough really came," he says, "when we put *continued*



To be near the beach he loves, Carroll traded conventional housing for an abandoned railroad car



Carroll goes out with this British-style cod rig

together a combination of the right ingredients, modern resins, modern tape that will take the stress put on it. Some of the stuff is American, my tape is from DuPont, my mandrel is from California. The graphite sheet is Japanese."

The processes aren't complex. The secret lies in the taper, the particular geometric shapes of the black graphite sheets that combine with the glass to give the rod its action. "The way we cast in England now punishes a rod," Carroll says. "If a tip isn't flexible, it won't last a big cast. The blank snaps. I want a lot of tip action and a stiff butt. 11′ 6″ or 12 feet overall. That used to mean a heavy rod, but not anymore. My rods weigh 16 ounces—that's less than a normal reel."

He pulls a finished blank from a rack. It is mat black and unimpressive looking, except to those who have seen it in action. "That's my Barebones," Carroll says with pride. "No cosmetics—they don't exist anymore. Tape the guides on. Tape the reel on if you want. Or use the clamp that comes with it. Or, if you want to be fancy, one of those lightweight Japanese fittings. No varnish. What's varnish for?"

It was clearly time to give Barebones its fling, on the open ground behind the railroad car. The reel that Carroll tapes on is of the conventional American type—and even a short while ago, one would have added "of course" to that, because to turn up on a British beach with a guzzler would have been like arriving at a posh wedding in jeans.

There is still an esthetic argument to be made against the spinning reel. It is far pleasanter to cast or play a fish on a conventional reel. But the great gap in the guzzler's performance when it came to throwing surf-sized sinkers has dwindled considerably.

Last year, for instance, when Kerry made his monumental 723-foot cast with a conventional reel, a spinning-reel specialist named Richard Jacobs went more than 677 feet with his guzzler. There's still a gap, but it's closing.

Why so? "For a start, we threw away that ridiculous great butt ring you see on most saltwater spinning rods," says Carroll. "It does nothing. When we figured things out properly, we were left with just three guides, and the first one was seven feet—yes, seven feet—up the rod, the first guide being 40 mm in diameter, the next 25 mm and the third 12 mm. And then, of course, the tip ring. That way the line doesn't bite on the rod. It doesn't touch it.

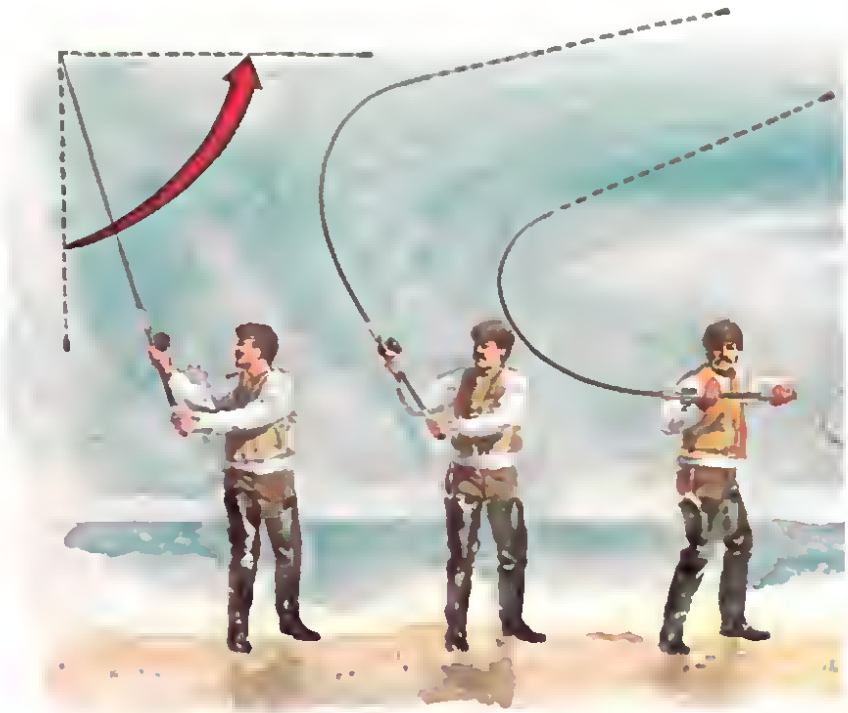
"A while back I wouldn't even own a guzzler, and at that time, for sure, you couldn't have sold a spinning rod with only three guides. The angler would think he was being ripped off. And now, by golly, you couldn't sell one in England with more than three.

"Something else. Notice the way the line lies on the spool of a spinning reel when you've loaded it? That concave profile? No use. The line keeps catching on the next layer. We thought about that, too. What you have to do is build up the spool by *hand*, winding on backing line to the right profile so that when you come to wind the casting length on top of it, it's level. There's no dip."

All the same, it's a conventional reel he fits to Barebones for the demonstration. "Still really don't like guzzlers," says Carroll.

He goes through his repertoire. First, the classic pendulum cast (see *drawings below*), which starts with the angler's back to the direction of the cast and the sinker hanging down to about the same

In the Pendulum Cast, the angler, his back to the sea, swings the sinker left, right and left again. He then begins to whip the rod around, bringing the tip below shoulder level as he pivots toward the release point and into the follow-through.



level as the reel. The sinker is swung like a pendulum, out to the left, to the right and back left again. The power compression starts at 270 degrees. Carroll will tell you precisely, from the direction of the cast, the sinker coming over his head, then under and round, as his powerful body begins a mighty pirouette. Then there's a *swish!* as if a giant Mr. Squeers is wielding his cane at Dotheboys Hall, and the sinker is traveling out at 200 mph. This throw measures 660 feet. "Meanwhile," Carroll says slyly, "a big wave has hit you in the butt."

Examine that sinker, by the way. It bears no relation to the lead pyramids sold to American anglers for surf work. Carroll's is as streamlined as a bullet, and in its fishing version, it has four wire prongs that hold it firm in the sand on the bottom, but that collapse to free it when the rod is jerked before the retrieve.

Then Carroll is into the Yarmouth cast, a kind of reverse pendulum. "The difficult one," he says, "in which you start and finish with your back to the sea." He throws 550 feet with the Yarmouth. And finally the South African, which begins with the sinker lying on the ground and which isn't a practical fishing cast unless one is on a flat, hard, preferably deserted sand beach. Carroll casts 575 feet using the South African method.

At this point, he stops. "Look," he says, pointing out to sea, "the long-lining boats are heading out. Got to be cod out there. Look at that smooth run of tide with the shimmer on the top. Perfect."





A guzzler (left) must be correctly wound. Carroll's sinker has prongs that collapse for easy retrieval

Carroll, it is warming to see, still has the compulsions of a fisherman, not an athlete. The demonstration is broken off, and he is sliding, skidding down the shingle ridge, scrounging bait from the other anglers and then sending it screaming out, who knows how far, well over the barren stones and into a submarine sand gully that's maybe 90 feet deep.

To reach the gully one must make a 350-foot-plus cast, but in less than 15 minutes the effort proves worthwhile for Carroll. The tip of Barebones, pulled hard over in the tide by the sinker anchored in the sand, suddenly springs upright and the line momentarily goes slack. Deep down, a cod has the bait and is carrying the sinker with it. Grunting and slithering, Carroll at first has to give ground to the fish, but he eventually has it ashore—plump, gray, yellow-speckled, maybe 12 pounds.

In the next half hour, two more casts follow, and Carroll looks up to see another angler advancing on him along the beach.

"Been here all night," the man says suspiciously. "Got nothing. What you using?"

"My head," Carroll says. The ditter is not amused. **END**



ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

Smokin' Joe Frazier's boy, Marvis, bums to make a name for himself in the ring—while his dad fans the flame

by JACK McCALLUM

THE SON IS COMING UP

It had to be disconcerting for Steve Zouski as he stood in the center of the ring in Madison Square Garden last month and stared at the scowling visage of not one, but two heavyweights named Frazier. There was Marvis, with whom Zouski would shortly be trading lefts and rights in a six-round undercard bout that preceded Gerry Cooney's devastation of Ken Norton. As it turned out, that would be bad enough. But standing next to Marvis, wearing a shocking-pink warmup jacket by Sasson that made him the spring season's most unlikely study in pastel, was his famous father. As is his wont at such times, Smokin' Joe was also wearing a sneer, upon which Zouski could focus as the boxers received their instructions. Although Zouski looked a bit soft around the middle at 206 pounds, he was no lamb being led to slaughter—he had won 21 of 22 professional fights and often trained with world middleweight champion Marvin Hagler. *continued*



The looks are reminiscent, and there is even a similarity of relentless styles, but Steve Zouski found that Marvis has a right that Papa Joe rarely wielded

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Managing Marvis has made Joe think of getting back in the ring

And this was no ordinary bout. Zouski was stepping in against boxing history. The prefight preliminaries done, Joe whacked his son on the back, climbed out of the ring and shortly became the world's most formidable fusion of doting parent and cornerman, leaving Zouski to ponder the prospect of taking on two generations in one opponent.

Some 30 minutes later, after Marvis had relentlessly hammered Zouski en route to his fourth victory—a TKO at 2:13 of the final round—in four fights, LeRoy Neiman sat on a bench in Frazier's dressing room sketching Marvis. Neiman isn't in the habit of limning subjects with four professional bouts. "Hey, Champ, you were one of the first guys I did, remember?" Neiman called out to Joe. "Yeah, I remember," said the former heavyweight champ. "You can just get out the old pictures."

That's true to a degree. At 6' 1½" and 201 pounds Marvis, 20, is two inches taller and five to 10 pounds lighter than his powerful pop was in his prime, but Marvis has the same wide, deep-set, brooding eyes, the same broad nose and full lips. And under the same close-cropped black hair is the wide and formidable Frazier forehead. But even as promoters wait with open checkbooks, there's no way to estimate how Marvis Kirk Frazier's career will compare with his father's—other than that Marvis' has begun with much more fanfare.

The Zouski fight on May 11 was Marvis' best as a pro. He controlled the tempo and was effective with a right uppercut, a punch his father rarely used. "I'd grade myself with an A," said Marvis afterward. But though Marvis outpunched Zouski by a 5–1 ratio, he was unable to put Zouski down. "If that were the old man, he'd have that guy's head off," said one ringside observer. That evaluation, while perhaps true, was as much a testament to the cross Marvis must bear as to anything else. Marvis is well-built, but there's no doubt that right now he would be physically overmatched against most of the top heavyweights. "The weight's not going to matter," insists Joe. "Punching power doesn't come from weight. It comes from leverage and technique. Hey, he's still only a kid."

Marvis hasn't mastered the art of cutting off the ring, either. In his third pro fight, one month before he fought Zouski, he chased Melvin Epps of Brooklyn around the ring in Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum while winning a unanimous decision. "You can't fight by yourself," Joe had said after that track meet. There's also some question as to how well Marvis can take a punch. In his first pro fight, in the Felt Forum last Sept. 12, Roger Troupe had Marvis rubberlegged near the end of the first round, but Frazier rallied and knocked Troupe through the ropes and out at 2:08 of the third.

Then there's "the neck bit," as Marvis refers to it—which he does only when he has to. The six-inch-long scar visible on the back of Marvis' neck is the result of an operation to remove a muscle that was putting pressure on a nerve. Marvis discovered the implications of this ailment last June in the semifinals of the Olympic Trials at the Omni in Atlanta. Less than a minute into his bout against James Broad, Marvis was hit on top of the forehead and went thudding to the canvas. "I was actually paralyzed and couldn't move for about three minutes," he says. "My whole body felt like my funnybone, but I was totally conscious." At the time, the Frazier camp figured it was just a freak punch.

Marvis turned pro last summer, and about a month after beating Troupe, he knocked out Dennis Rivers in the second round. But in November, during a workout in his father's Smokin' Joe Gymnasium in North Philadelphia, Marvis' head was snapped back and he was nailed with a blow to the forehead by Canadian heavyweight Gaston Berube, and again Frazier was "frozen", he was temporarily unable to move his arms and legs. A medical examination finally revealed that under certain circumstances a nerve in his neck was being pinched by a muscle, and later that month surgery was performed to prevent a recurrence of that condition.

After Marvis' stunning loss to Broad—only his second defeat in 58 amateur fights—Joe began taking a more active part in his son's career. "Sometimes I think the knockout was a thing to bring my father closer to me in the gym," says Marvis. "Sure, he was working with me before, but since the knockout he has been paying more attention. God does things in strange ways, you know."

Indeed, Papa Joe has taken control of Marvis' life down to the smallest detail. On one occasion a reporter was talking to Marvis in the cramped quarters in the rear of the Smokin' Joe Gym. The elder Frazier was out of town that day but called in the middle of the interview and was told Marvis had been talking about 20 minutes. "That's enough time," said Joe. "Tell the man to leave." On another occasion he interrupted an interview with Marvis that had been in progress only 10 minutes. "That's enough talking," said Joe. "After 10 minutes you start repeating yourself, anyway."

Joe is now Marvis' head trainer, too, having replaced George Benton, the former middleweight who has gained some celebrity as a trainer, shortly after the gymnasium debacle. "I was watching Marvis earlier and I didn't like what was going on," Frazier told Leroy Sam-

continued

uels of *The* [Philadelphia] *Bulletin*. "That's my boy! And he wasn't showing me what I thought he should." Benton and Val Colbert, who have worked with Marvis from the beginning, have both stayed on as assistants. "There's no problem at all as far as us getting along," says Colbert, "because Joe's the boss, and that's that."

Joe is more than the boss. He's a sweatsuited Svengali to Marvis, Marvis' 18-year-old brother Hector and Joe's nephews Rodney and Mark, all of whom work out regularly at Smokin' Joe's. And in the months since the former champ took over Marvis' career, Joe, who is now 37, has resumed daily workouts, sometimes trading punches with Marvis "when the other sparring partners are late."

Joe has been a reluctant retiree. Almost everyone in boxing thought he should have retired after his fifth-round knockout by George Foreman on June 15, 1976; but as recently as three years ago he actually was training for a comeback fight against Kallie Knoetze, when he became ill with hepatitis and was forced to quit. Now he's again talking about returning to the ring. Indeed, it seems more postfight attention was focused on Joe's musings about a comeback than on Marvis' victory over Zouski. "The wife's gone, right?" Joe said when the subject was brought up by reporters. (Florence Frazier, Joe's wife of some 19 years, who tends to stay out of the reach of interviewers, is known not to be in favor of Joe's return, just as she wasn't thrilled with Marvis' decision to throw leather around as a living.)

Assured that the coast was clear, Joe said, "I don't see anybody who can beat me out there. I'm a master of boxing now. I'm leaning toward coming back, I definitely am. My boys *know* I can. And my ladies [Florence and daughter Jacki] are starting to think so, too." Joe paused and smiled. "Of course, she [Florence] don't want to mess around with the good things in life. Understand what I mean?" Joe laughed. The reporters laughed, too, their reaction about as spontaneous as that of the tavern customers in the beer commercial from whom Smokin' Joe, vocalist, elicits applause for one of his songs with a fierce scowl.

On a stool six feet away from where Joe talked easily to the press, Marvis sat in reflected light, just as he always has. He has become something of an enigma, both because his instincts tell him to be guarded about himself and because his father demands it. Besides, Marvis is only beginning to find out about himself, a process that isn't made any easier by being "Joe Frazier's son." Now, as Marvis' own career appears ready to take off, he will have to deal with the question of his father's comeback. Clearly, Marvis knows it's Joe's territory. "I don't see how he's going to be able to come back and still work with me," said Marvis. "It's his decision, of course, but I can't tell you how much it has meant to have him around every day."

Having to deal with Joe's considerable presence has been a way of life for Marvis; all children of famous parents have to live with it. As a kid, for example, Marvis couldn't go down to the basement rec room without seeing his father's Olympic gold medal, which Joe won when Marvis was four. But Marvis treats such things matter-of-factly: "People would comment about the medal when we entertained guests down there, but nobody in our family ever sat around and said, 'Look at that.' Our house is a winning house, and I guess we would expect that of Pop."

Marvis' calm expression of confidence about his roots doesn't come across as bravado. He speaks so evenly, without the hysterical braggadocio of the young Cassius Clay or the brashness of the young Joe Frazier, that one concludes he's saying what he thinks. If Marvis has to deal with a subject—such as his father's continued defeats by Muhammad Ali in the media wars—that seems to beg for rancor or theatrics, he simply calls on his religion. "It never bothered me when Ali would get on Dad," he says. "My father's his own man, and in our family the Lord plays a major part in our lives, so we believe all things work to the good of those who love the Lord. Whatever was done, it was God's will that it be that way."

And don't expect Marvis to wax philosophical on why he's attempting to follow in his father's footsteps. "I don't feel I'm going in and trying to do what my father did," he says. "It just happens to be a coincidence that I picked the same field that my father picked. And if you go way back to, say, Pilgrim times, it's not unusual, anyway. A son almost always followed the same trade as his father did. That's what I'm doing."

The bond that ties Marvis to his father is obvious and elemental. His father is a hero to him, yes, but at the same time Marvis can pinpoint, more easily than most sons, the instant his dad became a mere mortal in his eyes. It was on that June night in 1976, at Nassau Coliseum,

continued



Marvis is a deacon at the Greater Harvest Baptist Church in Philadelphia and sings in the choir.



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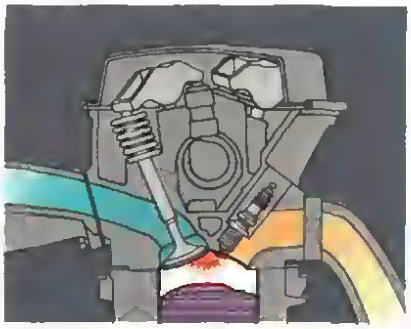
30 EPA EST MPG* 44 EST HWY

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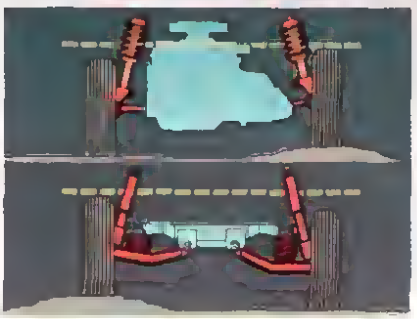
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when he watched Joe—shaven head glistening—hit the canvas in the fifth round after a series of blows by Foreman. "My father was my idol," says Marvis. "At that time I felt he couldn't be beat. He was like . . . well, like Superman. It was the first time that I realized my father was human, that he could make mistakes and could do things that other humans do." Perhaps because he saw both sides of his father's career, Marvis appears to have handled the burden of being a champion's son about as well as can be expected. In the rare moments when he's interviewed alone, he comes across exactly as he does when he's with his father—intelligent, goal-oriented, conservative. He talks of the strength he draws from the Lord and from the closeness of his family. "I am the way I am because of the way I was raised," he says. "I was taught to respect people, and I learned to listen and speak when you're spoken to. That sort of thing. The chip doesn't fall far from the block." Marvis still speaks of the possibility of attending college in Philadelphia in the fall to pick up the accounting courses he feels he'll need to one day run the family business. There's a certain no-jive, God-and-country sensibility about Marvis that could make him, like his Dad before him, a pugilist of the proletariat.

But there's a fundamental difference between father and son. Joe came into the world on Jan. 12, 1944 as the 13th child of Rubin and Dolly Frazier, a proud couple who didn't rent and didn't sharecrop but lived off their own 10 acres of land in Beaufort, S.C. It was a hard existence. When Marvis was born on Sept. 12, 1960, he was Joe and Florence's first child. They were married in 1962, before traveling north to look for a better life. On March 8, 1971, when Marvis was only 10, Joe, who had knocked out Jimmy Ellis in five rounds to become heavyweight champion 13 months earlier, earned $2.5 million for beating Ali in what was simply billed as The Fight. Today, Joe has a substantial monthly income from land he sold several years ago, other investment properties, a limousine rental service and his gym, though he says the gym's less a business than a community service. He says he "helps pay the rent" by acting in television commercials. With or without pro boxing, Marvis will be well taken care of, and fighters don't generally have well-to-do fathers. "It won't be necessary for my kids to be fighters," Joe told his biographer, Phil Pepe. "You know, in my father's time and my time, things were a lot tougher. But today, my kids can become lawyers, doctors, or something like that. I don't want them to get their heads banged around like their father's doing."

Joe says those words don't haunt him now. He says he has a clear conscience about his son's decision to become a boxer because he never pushed Marvis into the sport. Joe's enthusiasm for guiding Marvis now suggests otherwise, but Marvis backs his father up. "He never pushed me at all," Marvis says. "And my mom tried more or less to keep me away from boxing."

While Joe was champion of the world, in 1970-73, Marvis was becoming a good athlete in wrestling, baseball, football and basketball. (Jackt is now at American University on a basketball scholarship.) Everyone figured Marvis would end up with a grant-in-aid in football or wrestling. That's definitely the way Florence had it planned. "She wanted me to go for that scholarship and leave boxing alone," says Marvis. "She said it was one thing to have her man in it but another thing to have her baby in it." But because Marvis had started to slip in his schoolwork, his parents sent him to Wyncote, a private school in a Philadelphia suburb, to improve his grades. There were no team sports at Wyncote, which Marvis attended for less than three months in the 10th grade before resuming his public-school education at Plymouth-Whitemarsh High, and Marvis began looking for a physical outlet. And he just happened to know about this gym on Broad Street. . . .

"I asked Pop if I could go down just to work out, and he said it was all right," Marvis says. "That's the first conversation we ever had about boxing outside of his own fights. I'm sure he thought I was just doing it to play around." But Marvis, like his father before him, doesn't play around. By the time he returned to public school, boxing had a hold on him. His father began to drift into the gym to watch him. Joe provided Marvis with two veteran trainers, Benton and Colbert, and made Marvis prove his dedication by imposing a no-sparring rule for the first seven months after he began working out, killing drudgery for a talented youngster anxious to show his stuff. The appearance of another Frazier around the gym, especially at a time that coincided with Joe's retirement, didn't go unnoticed in the boxing world, and everyone had an opinion on the budding career of young Marvis. He says half the people felt "I was just doing it because of my father" and wouldn't amount to a bead of sweat, and the other half felt he would automatically become a world champion because of his genes.

It was not an easy situation, but Marvis prospered as an amateur, losing only one fight, to Tony Tubbs of the—ugh!—Muhammad Ali Boxing Club, before Broad knocked him out. Many observers feel Joe brought Marvis along too slowly; certainly, Marvis' first real pro test is still in front of him. "What's the hurry?" Joe says after each of Marvis' fights. Papa Joe was managed by the late Yank Durham, a smart, patient man, who guided him step by step from his first pro fight, a first-round KO of Woody Goss on Aug. 16, 1965, to the victory over Ali. And Joe, in his handling of Marvis, wants to be smart, too.

There have been dozens of sons who have followed fathers into the ring (Marcel Cerdan Jr., Jackie Sharkey, Young Bob Fitzsimmons among them), but few have amounted to much. The boxing world waits to see if Marvis can change that. Still, even with the emergence of Cooney, the heavyweight picture is uncertain at best, and the name Frazier, any Frazier, would juice it up. Certainly, Madison Square Garden, which died a little more with the poor gate for Cooney-Norton, could use a Frazier. Marvis' first four fights were Garden promotions, and more than likely Joe and John Condon, the Garden's president of boxing, will soon sign another promotional agreement. "We're anxious to keep Marvis," says Condon, who is close to Joe. "We love him. We love the whole family."

Smokin' Joe, more than anyone, knows the name Frazier is still hot. As he gently wipes the sweat from his son's neck after a fight and as he stares at his son with a proud and faraway look in his eyes, you know he sees it all—the triumphs and the money and the sweat and the blood and the good and the bad. And you wonder which Frazier will be chosen, and whether it will be the right choice. **END**

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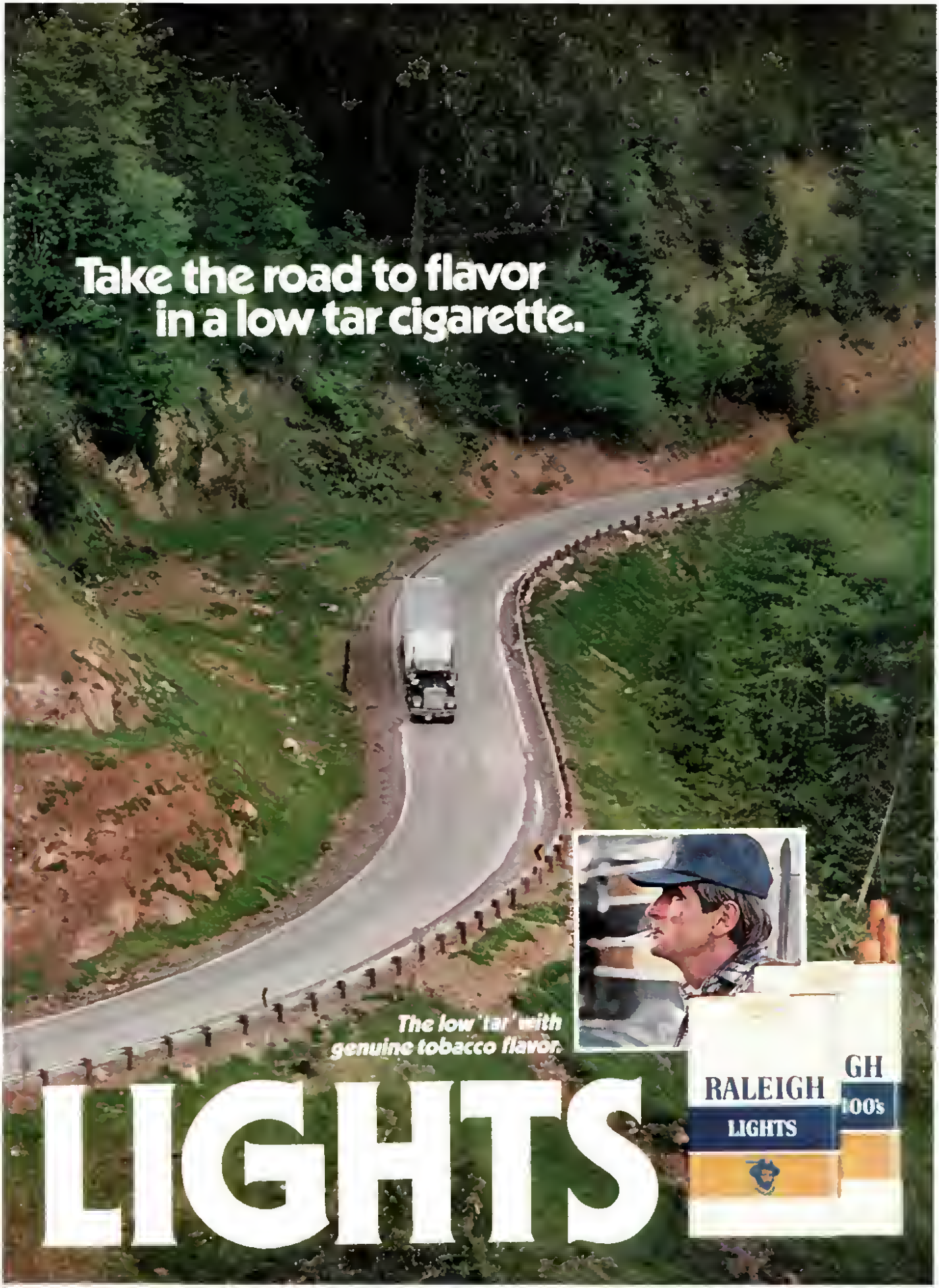
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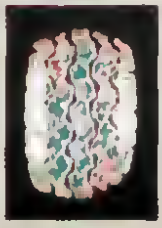
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A fine Paige out of history

On Sunday night ABC will air a two-hour, made-for-television, prime-time movie called *Don't Look Back*, based on the life of Leroy (Satchel) Paige. The near-legendary pitcher spent the best years of his five-decade career in the old Negro leagues, but his fame today rests largely on his amazing longevity and his supposed set of rules for living ("Don't look back, something might be gaining on you" and similar cheerful nonsense). His age was exaggerated when he reached the majors in 1948; publicists and sportswriters milked the how-old-is-he-really gag for all it was worth, and Paige, who understood good P R when he saw it, aided and abetted the canard. Yet his age was never a mystery; reporters long ago dug out Paige's birth certificate from city records in Mobile, Ala. and learned that he was born on July 7, 1906, which means he'll be 75 this summer.

His famous rules for living first appeared in a sidebar accompanying a memorable article on Paige by Richard Donovan in the old *Collier's* magazine. The rules were worked up by Donovan, who embroidered them a little, out of bits and pieces gleaned from Paige's colorful, nonstop conversations.

All this tends to obscure Paige's true ability. He was a very great pitcher for a very long time before Bill Veeck of the Cleveland Indians signed him at age 42. (He won six and lost one, helped the Indians win the pennant, and became the first black to pitch in the World Series.) Testimony to his extraordinary fastball and startling control came not only from black ballplayers but also from white major-leaguers who played against him in off-season exhibition games. A consummate showman, Paige was by far the biggest drawing card in Negro baseball. A witty, amusing man generally admired by other black players, he was at the same time a loner and a stiff-necked individualist.

Don't Look Back is an uneven film, but to its credit it passes over the age and rules legends and does a pretty good job of projecting the complexities of Paige's career. At the same time, it oversimplifies, and some of the liberties it takes, as well as some of its little gaffes, may irritate purists. For instance, the dozens, maybe even hundreds, of exhibition games played between whites and blacks before Jackie Robinson broke the major league "color line" in 1947 are boiled down to one momentous encounter between the "Dizzy Dean All-Stars" and the "Satchel Paige All-Stars." The Paige team wins on a Josh Gibson home run, and that serves to establish that the best black players in that benighted era were as good as, if not better than, the best white players. Dramatically and historically, the emphasis on this one game is overdone, but the harsh fact that it spotlights can't be ignored. The best blacks *were* as good as the best whites, yet they couldn't play in the majors—the permanently exiled Gibson was only 24 the year Joe DiMaggio broke in with the Yankees—and few whites were aware of or paid much attention to that injustice.



Gossett not only looks like Satchel but also plays him superbly

But don't get the idea that *Don't Look Back* is a polemic. It's basically the story of one very appealing man, played to perfection by Louis Gossett Jr. Gossett's resemblance to Paige is remarkable. In the 1948 World Series sequence, actual film clips of the game Paige pitched in are juxtaposed with shots of Gossett/Paige warming up in the bullpen, and they go together beautifully. Most of the actors are first-rate, with Ossie Davis particularly impressive in a cameo role as an all-but-forgotten old-time black player. So is Hal Williams as an antagonistic black owner/manager with whom Paige has several run-ins. And Ernie Barnes seems just right as Gibson.

Surprisingly, the most refreshing performance is turned in by that classic cliché of baseball movies, the play-by-play announcer. Taylor Lacher, portraying a white Southerner in a broad-brimmed panama hat, describes the action in a gleeful Mississippi Delta accent, delivering lines larded with amiable, patronizing, racist, red-neck appreciation of—and disdain for—the black players. He expresses perfectly the ambivalent attitude whites had toward black baseball 50 years ago. Lacher is terrific, he almost steals the show. END

by Bruce Newman



Perkins' self-image got a lot better as a regular

The fairest of them all?

Broderick Perkins looks sharp in the mirror and at bat, with a .346 average

Long before anyone ever paid him to swing a bat, Broderick Perkins was so enchanted by the feel of the cool, smooth wood in his hands and the graceful arc of his swing that scarcely an hour passed in which he didn't think about hitting. When no one was around to throw him the ball, Perkins swung at make-believe curves and fastballs. If a bat wasn't handy, he would go off by himself and take his cuts with an imaginary one. Even now Perkins will sometimes spend as much as half an hour in front of a full-length mirror just watching himself swing. To a certain extent, the ball and the bat are variables in Perkins' mental hitting equation; only the swing is constant. "That's the whole thing," he says. Broderick Perkins' life don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing.

Perkins, 26, plays first base for the San Diego Padres, but that isn't where he began the season. On Opening Day, and for three weeks thereafter, he was on the Padre's bench while rookie Randy Bass, whose bat was supposed to give San Diego some much-needed power, was at first. Throughout most of April, Perkins did most of his hitting in front of the clubhouse mirror. It wasn't until April 29 that San Diego Manager Frank Howard decided to give Bass, who was batting .197 with only two home runs, a couple of days of rest.

In his first game as a regular—facing Cincinnati's Frank Pastore instead of a mirror—Perkins was 3 for 4. After a hitless game the next day, Perkins went on a 15-game hitting tear, raising his average to .422, tops in the major leagues. Early last week Perkins was still the leading hitter, with a .384 average, and what finally seems clear is that he and his velvet swing have come all the way through the looking glass. Even a 2-for-18 slump that lowered his average 67 points in eight days didn't prevent Perkins from finishing the week at .346, third in the National League. "This is what I always dreamed of doing," he says, "and now I'm living the dream."

Perkins and his dream almost didn't make it out of his hometown of Pittsburg, Calif., just northeast of Oakland. During his senior year of high school, a time when most future major-leaguers are proving themselves to the scouts, Perkins went to the plate exactly twice, drawing a base on balls and being hit by a pitch. He had to walk on to the team at Diablo Valley Junior College, and even then he didn't start until the man ahead of him was injured. The Padres didn't take him until the 15th round of the free-agent draft in 1975, and after they had him, they didn't seem to know what to do with him. Despite minor league seasons in which Perkins hit .355 at Walla Walla, .345 at Amarillo and .327 and .312 in Hawaii, he couldn't get the Padres very interested.

"Generally speaking, you look for a big, strong, hairy guy who can rap 30 or 40 home runs to play first base for you," says Howard, the rookie manager, who is himself 6′ 8″ and 270 pounds, some of it hair. Bass, who is 6′ 1″, 210 pounds, comes from Lawton, By God, Oklahoma and in his last four seasons in the minors hit 120 home runs, seemed to fill Howard's specifications nicely. "Our lineup is devoid of what you'd call power," says Howard. "We were hoping Randy would give us that."

Perkins had gotten some attention by hitting .370 over 43 games after being recalled from the minors last season, but he still didn't appear to be what the Padres wanted—perhaps because he is only 5′ 10″, 180 pounds, has a high-pitched voice, and in 162 big league games before this season had hit only four homers. In any case, during spring training, first base was handed to Bass. "After going out and busting my tail at the end of last year, it felt like the same old slap in the face," Perkins says. "It just looked like a wasted year. I thought I had proved myself, but they thought different." Nothing seemed to be working in Perkins' favor. Even his initials—B.P.—are standard ballplayer shorthand for batting practice, which was where Perkins figured to do most of his hitting this year.

"He had a right to be upset that he wasn't starting," says Padres President Ballard Smith, "but he never complained. He told me that one day he was going to get his chance, and when it came he was going to show me that he should have been starting all along." Perkins was reportedly on the verge of unburdening himself to the press on a road trip late in April, but decided to wait un- *continued*



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til the team returned to San Diego so the hometown fans could hear what he had to say. His opportunity to play came before he had the chance. Even when Howard told him he was starting, Perkins thought it meant just a brief respite for Bass. "I figured I'd be in there a few days, then boom! back on the bench," Perkins says.

By the middle of May, even Bass was beginning to realize that Perkins might be a hard man to move. "The guys are starting to call me Wally Pipp," Bass said, referring to the New York Yankee first baseman who was given the day off on June 1, 1925. That was the day a youngster named Lou Gehrig started a streak of 2,130 games.

The only weakness ever detected in Perkins' game was his work around first base, and even that was a result of his preoccupation with hitting. "He would have mental lapses," says Padres announcer Dave Campbell, who managed Perkins in Amarillo, "like standing out at first base and swinging an imaginary bat."

"He's his own biggest enemy," says Bobby Tolan, the Padres' batting coach, "because he's so caught up in hitting that he sometimes starts talking to himself. He hit .370 for us last year, but when I saw him in spring training he had a new stance. It was something he had tried in winter ball and liked. I said, 'Listen, you hit .370 with your old stance, why do you want to change?' Eventually he saw it my way."

Perkins still spends as much time as ever at the mirror, examining and analyzing every inch of his swing. "A lot of players think it's old-fashioned, or that you're some kind of a sissy if you stand in front of the mirror," Tolan says. "But Perk doesn't let stuff like that bother him. He doesn't have great speed and he's not an outstanding defensive player, but he knows how to hit and he's willing to work at it."

Hitting, says Perkins, is "just a matter of getting that good groove and keeping relaxed. If you're standing up there all stiff and tight, your rhythm is going to be off. The swing can't be in two or three pieces; it has to be all of one piece. Hitting is a science, which means that like any science it can be broken down, the same way you would break down a formula over and over again if you were trying to find a cure for a disease. To do that, you've got to be able to see yourself, see your whole swing. Whenever I can find a mirror big enough, I'll stand there for a while with the bat, just practicing my swing and thinking about things."

Perkins had plenty to think about last week, not the least of it being that his wife, Olga, was expecting their first baby on May 28, the day before the players' strike was scheduled to begin. "It would be tough," said Perkins, "being unemployed and having a new kid." He also had to contend with his first slump of the season, a trying happenstance for a pure hitter. Perkins is a line-drive hitter who sprays the ball to all fields, but the only thing he knocked out of the park last week was an umpire. In the Padres' 6–2 loss to Montreal at San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium on Wednesday, Perkins drilled a ball foul down the rightfield line, striking umpire Paul Pryor on the right knee and forcing him to leave the field for X rays. It wasn't until the Padres got to Atlanta that Perkins broke out of his slump, going 4 for 9 in the first two games. He was blanked on Sunday, but the Padres took the series two games to one.

Only five players in the woeful history of the Padres organization have hit over .300 for a full season, and Perkins would like to be the sixth. "It would be great to hit .390 or .400," he says, "but I'm just trying to do what I can. At the outcome, though, I'd like to be right up there at the top." And who knows, if the batting championship trophy is big enough and shiny enough, Perkins could spend hours standing in front of it, basking in his reflected glory.

THE WEEK

(May 18-24)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST It was a bummer of a week for Darrell Porter of the Cardinals (3–3). A second medical opinion confirmed that Porter had a slight tear in the rotator cuff of his right shoulder, an injury that will shelve him for at least five weeks. What's more, Porter's house in Kansas City was struck by a storm that caved in the roof and did other damage. In light of Porter's woes, Garry Templeton could hardly complain about his flu. "I'm full of penicillin," Templeton said after he matched Tony Scott's four RBIs as St. Louis outlasted Houston 15–12. When Templeton was rested, Mike Ramsey took his place at shortstop and got three hits to help topple New York 8–2. "I call Ramsey my Cornfield Player because he looks like he came right out of the cornfield to the stadium," Manager Whitey Herzog said. "Always ready to play." John Martin, fresh up from the bushes, was also ready to play, becoming the first Cardinal pitcher to go the route in 14 games as he stopped the Astros 3–1 on a four-hitter.

Philadelphia (3–3) stayed within a game of St. Louis as Mike Schmidt hit three homers, increasing his major league-leading total to 14. One of his drives contributed to a 6–4 defeat of the Pirates and another triggered a 4–0 victory over the Dodgers. Marty Bystrom, 22, outdueled Fernando Valenzuela, 20, in the latter game and won with relief help from Ron Reed. Dick Ruthven stopped Los Angeles 3–2, but Tug McGraw continued to labor. McGraw, who has given up 18 hits and nine walks in 15 innings, lost for the fourth time in relief.

Kent Tekulve of the Pirates (4–1) was another reliever in trouble, losing for the 10th time in a row over two seasons. But Pittsburgh got excellent pitching from Jim Bibby, Rick Rhoden and newcomer Pascual Perez. Bibby muzzled Atlanta 5–0 on one hit. Rhoden combined with Enrique Romo to beat the Braves 6–1 and Perez stifled the Phillies 3–1. Rhoden was backed by two homers and four RBIs by Mike Easler, who batted .556 for the week.

Andre Dawson of the Expos (3–3) went on a spree, too, connecting for his ninth, 10th and 11th round-trippers and batting .583. Tim Raines kept highballing his way around the bases, his seven steals giving him 40 in Montreal's 39 games. And Charlie Lea extended his string of scoreless innings to 28⅓ before a blister on his middle finger forced him to leave after seven runless innings in Chicago, where he earned a 6–3 victory.

The Mets were poised to wrap up a significant accomplishment (for them)—a second consecutive victory—when they lost something. No, they didn't lose the game. What they lost temporarily was Rightfielder Joel Youngblood. One moment Youngblood was in hot but futile pursuit of a long foul fly at Busch Stadium. The next moment Youngblood was gone, nowhere to be seen on the field. What caused his outasight play was that he went right through a partly open door in the fence. Unharmed, Youngblood returned and later said of his disappearance, "I thought the magic was back and I was gone," an allusion to last season's inappropriate Met slogan. The closest the Mets (3–3) came to real magic last week was that two-game winning streak. Youngblood doubled, tripled and had a pair of RBIs as New York beat the Cardinals 9–3 on the day he disappeared. Earlier, his single in the 10th helped the Mets

continued



"Hey, look who switched to Natural Light."

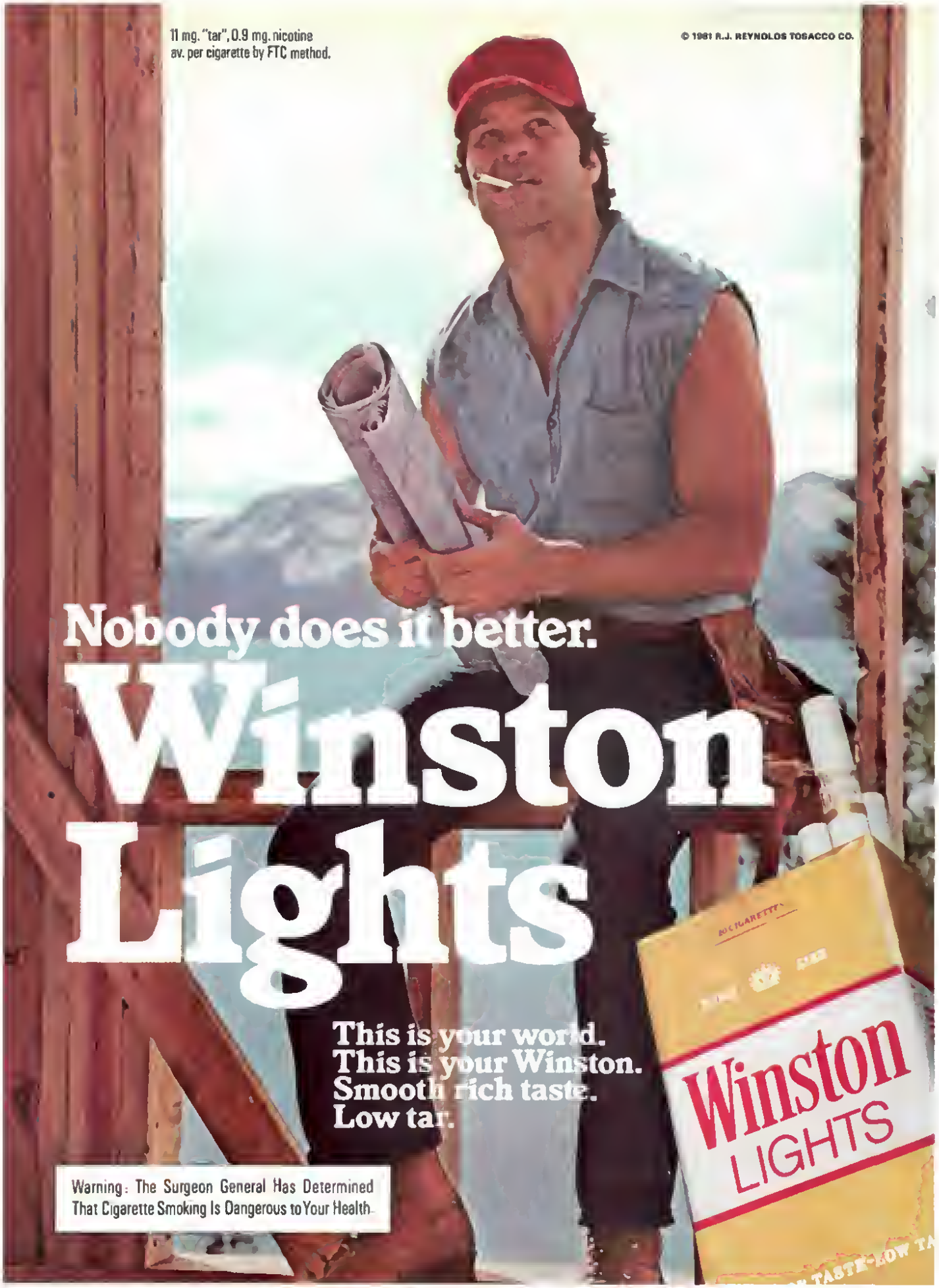
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end a nine-game losing streak by downing the Giants 4–3.

William Wrigley, the Cubs' chairman and principal owner, said he was downright embarrassed by his team's performance. He announced that Bob Kennedy had resigned and was being replaced by former Manager Herman Franks as "interim general manager." Said Franks, "I'm here to run the club." Admitted Wrigley, "I'm giving up some of my authority." What did the most good was a 5–1 win over Cincinnati, which broke an eight-game losing streak. Rookie Randy Martz went the distance for Chicago and Leon Durham chipped in with four hits. The Cubs (3–3) also surprised the Expos 6–4 and 6–2. Bill Buckner drove in three runs in the second triumph over the Expos, giving the Cubs a two-game winning streak for the first time this season.

ST.L 22–12 PHIL 24–16 MONT 21–18
PITT 16–17 NY 11–25 CHI 8–28

NL WEST As usual, the Dodgers (4–3) got fine pitching from a rookie as they built their lead to 6½ games. What was unusual was that the best pitching was not done by Fernando Valenzuela. This time it was Dave Stewart, a right-handed reliever, who excelled. "Smoke," as Stewart is called because of his sizzling fastball, pitched seven innings, didn't allow a run, fanned nine batters and was the winner in successive extra-inning games in Cincinnati. Two days after his pinch homer in the 10th knocked off the Phillies 3–2, Rick Monday went to the other extreme by coming through with a bunt single in the 12th to help beat the Reds 4–2. The next day, Jay Johnstone's pinch home run in the ninth tied the score at 5–5, and then Ken Landreaux drilled a two-run single in the 10th as L.A. won 9–6. As for Valenzuela, he lost for the first time, bungled a couple of fielding plays and had his ERA zoom from 0.50 to 1.24. Valenzuela's victory streak ended at 10 as Philadelphia beat him 4–0, even though he gave up only three hits in seven innings. He then yielded eight hits, six walks and five runs (four earned) in eight innings in Cincinnati before Johnstone's homer took him off the hook. The week wasn't a total loss for Valenzuela, however. He signed a $50,000 contract for the sale of posters of himself.

Before losing three of four games to the Dodgers, the second-place Reds (3–4) extended their winning streak to eight games. Despite hitting a three-run homer in the ninth to help finish off Chicago 10–7, Reliever Doug Bair was credited with neither the win (Joe Price earned that with five innings of shutout work) nor the save (Tom Hume got that when he put down a Cub uprising in the bottom of the ninth inning).

Three saves and a win were chalked up by Greg Minton of the Giants (4–2), who hasn't given up a home run in 208 innings. Jack Clark's two home runs did in New York 3–1, and Darrell Evans' two-run single in the 15th downed Houston 6–3. The wide-awake Giants climbed above .500, but might have fared even better had Vida Blue not slept on his left side one night, a mistake that caused him to miss a pitching turn because of a sore elbow. Then, after a safe and sound night's sleep, Blue defeated Houston 2–1.

Rufino Linares and Rafael Ramirez, both born in San Pedro de Macoris in the Dominican Republic, enabled the Braves (1–4) to overcome a 6–0 deficit and beat the Padres 7–6. Linares walloped a three-run homer in the fifth and singled in the 11th to drive in Ramirez, who had doubled.

Another Dominican, Rafael Landestoy, gave the Astros (2–4) a 4–3 victory over the Cardinals when he tripled in the 11th. Art Howe took over the league lead in batting with a .374 average, he had a .478 week and stretched his hitting streak to 23 games.

San Diego (3–3) got a lift from its Mutt and Jeff lefthanded relief combination—6′ 5″, 200-pound Gary Lucas and 5′ 8″, 132-pound rookie Danny Boone. Lucas got his sixth and seventh saves, and Boone lowered his ERA to 2.05. "My size makes it hard for big league hitters to take me seriously," said Boone, who had 20 strikeouts in 21⅓ innings. A two-run pinch single in the eighth by Randy Bass toppled the Braves 7–5 on Sunday. Padre base stealers, who led the majors last season with 239 thefts, were caught 29 times in their first 59 tries this year. That made Manager Frank Howard take away the green light from two of his swifties—Gene Richards and Ozzie Smith.

LA 30–12 CIN 23–18 SF 23–21
ATL 19–20 HOUS 20–22 SD 17–25

AL EAST Mike Norris of the A's held a 4–2 lead in the sixth when he ruffled the Orioles' feathers by hitting John Lowenstein in the back of the head with a pitch. The aroused Birds (5–3) won 6–5. "To win, the A's have to use aggressiveness, but it also served to fire us up," said winning Pitcher Mike Flanagan. "Hitting Low was an example. Whether it was deliberate or not, it cost them the game." Baltimore swept into first behind the solid hitting of Gary Roenicke (.500) and Ken Singleton (seven RBIs), plus strong pitching by Tippy Martinez (three saves) and Scott McGregor, who stopped Oakland 5–1 on three hits and beat Detroit 4–2. Roenicke's splurge raised his average to .376, tops in the majors. But Steve Stone went on the 21-day disabled list with tendinitis in his right elbow.

"It's hard to believe, but I was up here for 7½ years and really knew nothing about hitting," said Dwight Evans of the Red Sox (6–2). Evans, who had a .258 average for his first seven seasons, was enlightened about hitting last season by Coach Walt Hriniak. Now it's hard to believe the turnaround. During the final 80 games in 1980, Evans abandoned his habit of changing his stance more often than his socks and batted .317. And after slugging his ninth and 10th home runs and hitting .464 last week, Evans was at .356 for the season. Teammate Jerry Remy was higher, boosting his average to .364. For a change, Boston also got some fine pitching. Frank Tanana struck out nine Mariners while winning 4–0. Dennis Eckersley fanned 12, gave up only two hits and defeated Oakland 3–0 when Jim Rice homered with two aboard in the ninth. The bullpen continued to be effective, two relievers being credited with victories that were saved by fellow relievers. Before dropping a Sunday doubleheader in Milwaukee, Boston had climbed to fourth place by winning 14 of 17 games, with relief pitchers accounting for seven wins and six saves during that surge.

New York's relievers were also invaluable, getting three saves and two wins. Doug Bird tossed five innings of runless relief to stop the Royals 6–5. And Ron Davis saved two games for the Yankees (4–2) as he struck out eight men in four scoreless innings, giving him a remarkable 46 Ks in 28 innings. Davis, who averaged 4.5 strikeouts per nine innings in three previous seasons, attributed his newfound success to a rising fastball he developed to replace a sinker that wouldn't sink.

"We think we're for real, but I don't believe all the fans do," said Rick Waits of the Indians (3–4). The Tribe was real enough to defeat the Angels 7–3 and Yankees by the same score as Bo Diaz had three RBIs in each game, and on Sunday won 12–5 in New York by pounding out a total of 13 hits. Dan Spillner went eight innings to beat California, and Bert Blyleven and John Denny polished off New York.

Most of Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson's smiles were limited to the night he was roasted at a hospital charity event. There the white-haired Anderson was characterized as "a 5′ 8″ Q-Tip." And sportscaster Al Ackerman said, "Sparky came here two years ago promising to build a team in his own image, and now the club is looking for small, white-haired infielders with .212 batting averages." Fortunately for the Tigers (4–3), they had a different image in mind, seven of them banging out two hits apiece during a 16-hit assault that led to a 14–1 drubbing of the Rangers. Anderson was given plenty to smile about on Sunday—an 8–2, 5–3 sweep of Baltimore. Steve Kemp drove across four runs in the opener and Lance Parrish slugged a pair of home runs in the nightcap. Lengthy shutout relief jobs were vital, too, Kevin Saucier going four strong innings in the first game against the Orioles and Dave Tobik pitching 5⅓ innings in the second.

Mindful that his optimistic statements had invariably been followed by Brewer collapses, Manager Buck Rodgers remained mum

continued

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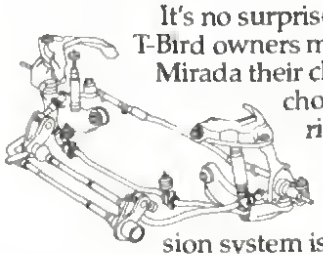
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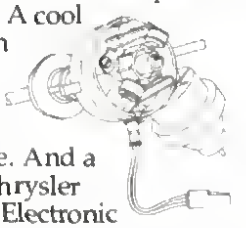
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even when his team's victory streak reached six games. His silence didn't turn out to be golden. After two losses to Boston, Rodgers said, "Now even keeping my mouth shut doesn't help." What did help the Brewers (5–2) were two saves by Rollie Fingers, 11 hits by Jim Ganter and Gorman Thomas' 10th, 11th and 12th home runs. Charlie Moore's double and Ted Simmons' sacrifice fly in the 14th inning carried Milwaukee to a 2–1 triumph over Boston in Sunday's first contest. And then Thomas and Cecil Cooper both homered and drove in three runs as the Brewers took the second game 10–7.

Instead of counting sheep on sleepless nights, Toronto Manager Bobby Mattick can count his team's errors: nine last week left the Blue Jays (1–6) with 42 in 42 games. On second thought, such counting might make Mattick an insomniac. But what choice does he have? Should he count his players' hits, which have been so infrequent that Toronto has a .213 average for the season, by far the worst in the league? Presumably Mattick slept well after Otto Velez and John Mayberry homered to knock off Chicago 9–5.

BALT 24–14 CLEV 21–13 NY 23–16 MIL 22–17
BOS 22–18 DET 20–20 TOR 12–30

AL WEST

Billy Martin and his stumbling A's (4–4) had their lead trimmed to three games. But after a third straight loss in Milwaukee, Martin didn't rant and rave. Instead he treated his players to dinner and a round of drinks. When the losing ways continued in Boston, Martin didn't blow his top. He merely said, "I'm going to St. Cecilia's [a Boston church] to get this thing straightened out. This streak will end when good luck rejoins us." Although good fortune eluded him in Baltimore, Martin kept his cool. He even spoke of his least-favorite people—umpires—in a light vein. If nothing else, Martin pointed out, the A's losing streak had caused the umps to stop harassing his staff about its suspected use of illegal pitches. Said Martin, "Until now, they were going to put our uniforms in plastic bags and pick 'em up with pliers, untouched by human hands. They were going to send out police dogs to try to detect Vaseline." When Martin showed up with a cast on his thumb, he explained that he had injured himself lifting a suitcase. He took the inevitable cracks with equanimity. Then, at long last, there was something Martin could delight in—a 6–2 victory over Toronto that snapped Oakland's eight-game skid. The next day, Matt Keough was working on a three-hit shutout in the ninth before the Blue Jays scored twice to knot the score at 2–2. The A's Jeff Jones went the final 6⅓ scoreless innings and won 3–2 in the 15th when Mitchell Page raced home from third on a shallow sacrifice fly by Rickey Henderson. On Sunday, Tony Armas slugged his 10th and 11th homers as Oakland beat Toronto 6–5 and 5–0, the shutout going to Mike Norris.

Kansas City Manager Jim Frey underwent a sort of personality transformation, too, one the opposite of Martin's. The usually tranquil Frey, angered when Umpire Dale Ford ejected him for complaining about a called strike on Willie Wilson in New York, slammed his cap to the ground, kicked it several times and also scuffed dirt on Ford's trousers, home plate and on Yankee Catcher Barry Foote. Foote responded by throwing a handful of dirt at Frey. After the game, Frey "blew up in the clubhouse," according to Second Baseman Frank White. Frey also chewed out Clint Hurdle for having sung in the dugout when the Yankee Stadium organist played *New York, New York* between innings. Three one-run setbacks did nothing to get the Royals out of the Freying pan. Neither did a club-record stretch of 30 scoreless innings by Kansas City, which was finally broken when Wilson singled in the 15th for a 1–0 win over Minnesota. Paul Splittorff went the first 11 innings for the Royals and Renie Martin pitched the last four.

Like Keough, Bryan Clark of Seattle (2–5) had a shutout entering the ninth—a two-hitter against Texas—before he tired. Bill Stein, a former Mariner, tied a league mark in that game with his sixth pinch hit in a row, and John Ellis added a three-run pinch double to tie the score at 4–4. Stein tormented Seattle once more that night, doubling in two runs in the 12th as the Rangers (4–2) won 6–4.

With Bill Almon batting .478 and Harold Baines .480, second-place Chicago (5–1) hit .333 for the week and raised its team average to .294, tops in the majors. Greg Luzinski had a pair of two-homer games and 12 RBIs for the revitalized White Sox.

California (2–5) continued its inexplicable habit of winning on the road and losing at home. A 7–2 victory in Cleveland and a 2–0 win in Baltimore by Doug Rau (his first in more than two years) put the Angels at 13–8 in away games this season. As many losses in three games at home, though, left the Californians 8–15 in Anaheim.

The Twins (1–5) continued having difficulty winning anywhere. As a result, Johnny Goryl was fired and Billy Gardner became the new manager. Jerry Koosman made Gardner a winner in his first day on the job, blanking the Royals 7–0.

OAK 29–16 CHI 22–15 TEX 22–16 CAL 21–23
SEA 13–27 KC 11–22 MINN 12–27

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM BIBBY: After being tagged for a leadoff single, the Pirate righthander retired the next 27 Braves in order as he won 5–0. He also slugged two doubles in that game and then homered as he knocked off the Phillies 7–1.

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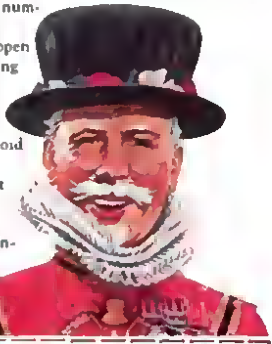




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The Islanders sew it up

Although it was Minnesota that had series MVP Butch Goring in stitches, 40 of 'em, New York bested the North Stars to win its second straight Stanley Cup

In the New York Islanders' dressing room faces were dripping with sweat and champagne. Butch Goring's face also had a little dried blood on it, from a 40-stitch gash opened by a skate blade 10 days earlier during the first game of the Stanley Cup final against the Minnesota North Stars. The cut didn't slow him down much. Goring, at 31 the oldest Islander, missed one period while a doctor sewed up his tongue, lower lip and chin, and that was the only period in the five-game series in which the North Stars were free of his infernal pestering. Goring came on like a hatch of blackflies; he killed penalties, worked the power play, forechecked, exhorted and scored five goals, including two in the Islanders' clinching 5–1 victory last Thursday night.

Now, in the thick, steamy, champagne-sweet air, it was Goring's turn to be pestered, because he had been named the MVP of the series. He spoke into nine microphones about his style of play. "I've always been sort of a hound," he said. "I learned when I was a kid that the only way to get the puck is to go and get it. Since I'm not six-foot-three [he's 5′ 9″, 166 pounds], I've got to trick them and use speed and pester them."

The beaming woman behind him was his mother, Audree, who had come with the family from Winnipeg to see the Islanders win their second straight Stanley Cup. There is a marked resemblance between mother and son, a determined, bright-eyed, terrierlike expression that they share. Audree was born in England, and she still speaks with a slight accent. "He plays just like he did when he was a boy," she said with a mother's pride. "Butchie is just good old country Butch."

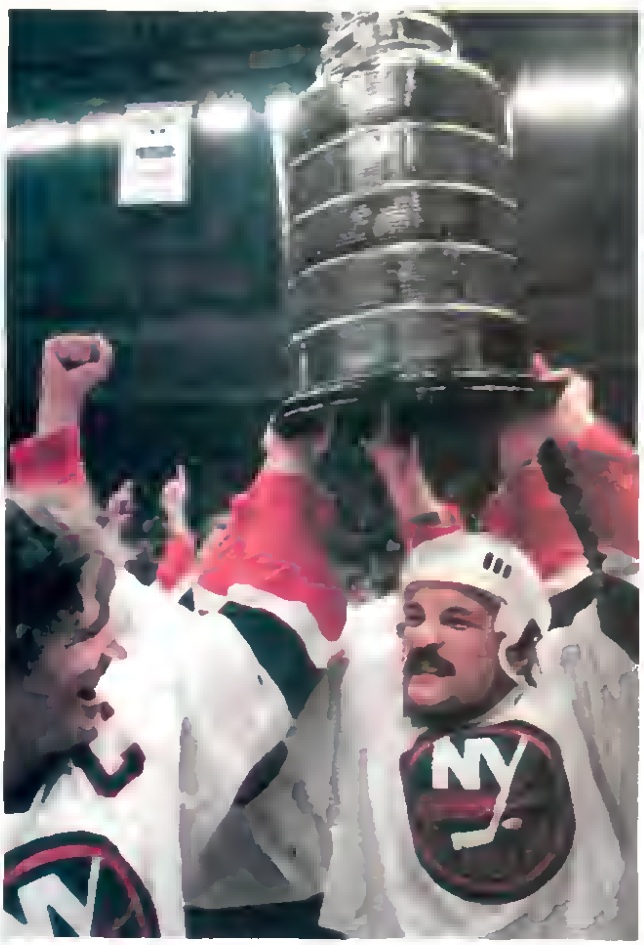
Your mother should know. Good old country Butch earned something of a reputation as a nonconformist early in his career with the Los Angeles Kings, with whom he spent 11 seasons. Those who knew him then tell tales of how Goring would prepare for road trips by packing nothing but a toothbrush. New York reporters enjoy recalling the time Goring packed only a white turtleneck for a two-week road trip—and then spilled ketchup on it. No problem. He simply turned it inside out. He has been known to shake up a stuffy Long Island golf outing by appearing in jeans and barefoot, but, he says, "I'm not crazy or anything. I don't streak. I've just never been a sheep and a follower."

Even in uniform he's an individualist. He wears No. 91—the number he had in L.A., 19, is Bryan Trottier's—and is the only player in the league to use buckled skate boots instead of lace-ups. Goring's helmets are the same bowl-shaped ones he wore as a boy, but to him what they lack in protection they make up for in luck. Put it all together with his unusually tenacious, crablike forechecking style, and you have one odd hockey player. But can he play. "We knew what to expect from their dominant guys, [Denis] Potvin, [Mike] Bossy, Trottier," said North Star Coach Glen Sonmor after Game 3, "but I don't think we were prepared for so much offense out of Goring."

Goring's hat trick in that game ended any realistic chance Minnesota had of winning its first Stanley Cup. Still, the North Stars prevented a four-game sweep when they beat the Islanders 4–2 in Game 4 in the best-played game of the series. Nineteen-year-old Don Beaupre gave Minnesota the kind of goaltending it would have needed every game to have had a prayer against the potent Islanders, who were held to fewer than five goals only three times in 18 postseason games. Significantly, they lost all three.

Of the four Minnesota goals in Game 4, two came on power plays and a third was scored three seconds after an Islander penalty had elapsed. Had the North Stars power play been as effective throughout the series, the outcome might

continued



Denis Potvin helped injured Bryan Trottier hoist the Cup



Goring showed Ma how to do it with one hand

HOCKEY *continued*

have been different. In 33 power-play chances, the North Stars seored just six times while allowing two shorthanded goals. The Islanders, on the other hand, scored on five of 16 power-play opportunities and allowed no shorthanded goals. The result was that New York, the stronger team physically, could clutch, hook and interfere with the North Stars to neutralize their superior skating attack.

Game 5 was decided early. At 5:12 of the first period a Minnesota clearing pass struck Referee Bryan Lewis and was picked up by Bob Bourne, who fed Goring for the score. Twenty-five seconds later Wayne Merrick made it 2–0 when linemates Bob Nystrom and John Tonelli dug the puck free from behind the net and got it to him. It was that line's 18th goal of the playoffs—all scored while at even strength against their opponents' best lines. Few of the goals were pretty. "I can remember when I was a kid watching Goring on TV and saying to myself, 'That's how I want to play,' " says Tonelli. "When he's working, it makes me want to work that much harder. He turns me on. He deserved that award."

Less than five minutes later, Goring scored again to put the lid on the game. The only suspense left was whether Trottier would extend his record for scoring in *consecutive playoff games. He had gotten* at least one point in 24 straight games over two seasons, but he had separated his right shoulder in the first period of Game 4 and was seeing limited ice time. However, with 2:54 left in Game 5 he assisted on the Islanders' fifth and final goal. It was Trottier's 29th point of the '81 playoffs, second only to Bossy's record-setting 35. Said an awed Bourne, "Trots played five periods with a separated shoulder. That meant more to us than anything. How can you come out and not work as hard as you can when you see him doing it? And he'll let you know if you're not. He's like Bobby Clarke that way. He'll pick you out of a crowd to tell you. I ask myself, would we have won the Cup without Butchie? No. Would we have won without Bossy? No. But personally, my vote for the MVP would have gone to Trottier."

Helping to hold the massive, silver Stanley Cup while his wife, Nickie, sipped champagne from it, Trottier was asked how high he could raise his injured right arm. "Just enough," he said with a smile.

Unquestionably, it was Goring's arrival from Los Angeles in March of last year that pushed the Islanders over the hump. Pairing him with Clark Gillies and Duane Sutter gave New York a second seoring line. At the time, Nystrom, Merrick and Tonelli could only be counted on to check, and the task of seoring fell primarily to Trottier and Bossy. The Islanders needed more balance, and Goring gave them that. Further, he gave them new blood. Around the league, the Islanders were seen as one big happy family—a group of chummy chokers who were world-beaters during the regular season but busts in the playoffs. To get Goring, General Manager Bill Torrey traded Billy Harris, the team's original draft choice in 1972 and a favorite of his, and Defenseman Dave Lewis, who was probably the most popular player on the team. Whack! It was like a cold, sharp slap in the face to the entire club.

"The Islanders are a very close-knit team," says Goring, who at first was none too wild about the trade. He had just signed a long-term contract with the Kings and, like most athletes, enjoyed the life-style in Los Angeles. "But the Islanders never blamed me that their friends were traded," he continues. "In a sense they blamed themselves. Maybe if they'd played a little better. . . . It could have *been any one of them.*"

Some observers believe Goring's immediate acceptance was the first sign of the team's maturing. In the 12 regular-season games he played with the Islanders last season, they went undefeated. Right from the start, he was talking it up in the locker room, offering constructive advice, acting like good old country Butch. "I wasn't going to change the way I'd always been," he says. "Once I had time to think about the trade, I realized it was probably my only chance to play on a legitimate contender. You never know the true value of that until you win a Stanley Cup. I would have played 15 years in this league without having so much as a whiff of the Cup. To win it once is almost enough, but to win it who knows how many times. . . ."

Ah, that's the question. With their overpowering performance in this year's playoffs, the Islanders have put themselves on a different plane from the rest of the league. "And now we've got to stay there," says Torrey, whose main threat comes not from a rival team but from free agency. Early this summer the players and owners will try to work out a compensation agreement, with the players seeking greater freedom to peddle their services to the highest bidder. Bourne becomes a free agent next week, and next season will be option year for Nystrom, Bossy, Potvin, Tonelli and Mike McEwen. The Islanders, near bankruptcy two years ago and still debt-ridden, can ill afford a bidding war with heavily financed teams like the Rangers and the Kings. Nor can they afford to lose the likes of Bossy and Potvin, both of whom are likely to ask for upward of $750,000 per year. To add to Torrey's potential problems, next year Coach Al Arbour's contract expires. The NHL's most respected coach, and highly coveted, he, too, may leave, which would release some of the Islanders—Potvin and Bourne, especially—from the bond of loyalty they feel for him.

"I'm going to talk to Bill in the next week or so," says Bourne. "A lot of what the other players do will depend on what I do this year, and what Bossy and Potvin do next year. This is a tough team to leave. It's still family as far as I'm concerned. And I don't want to have to play against the likes of Trottier and Gillies."

Says Torrey, "We've never failed to sign anyone we wanted to keep. Maybe it tells me something when players want *to leave a championship team.*" *Like the* times, they are a-changin'. **END**

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by Coles Phinizy

'Keep the continent on the left'

Despite refinements of that basic rule, the sixth Worrell 1000 was a smasheroo

Six years ago the Worrell 1,000-mile ocean race was conceived as an "unencumbered tangle with nature." In the beginning, its conceiver, Mike Worrell, a Virginia Beach, Va. restaurateur with a constant itch, was so taken by the idea that he encumbered the competitors with almost no rules at all. The five two-man crews that sailed 16-foot Hobie catamarans in the first race were simply instructed that from the starting line on the beach at Fort Lauderdale, Fla. they should keep the North American continent on their left and proceed north to the finish in Virginia Beach. Each crew was required to telephone race headquarters at Worrell's restaurant once every 24 hours, but that was about the extent of the rules.

In its first three years or so, the reputation of the Worrell 1000 was greatly overblown. After a crew showed up from faraway Hawaii for the second race in 1977, the event was touted as one of "worldwide interest." Before it was four years old, the event was already swaddled in clichés. It was variously described as "the ultimate challenge" and a "grueling test" that pitted the "indomitable spirit of man" against a "sleeping giant," *i.e.*, the Atlantic Ocean.

Today the Worrell 1000 has strict regulations involving safety equipment and required checkpoints so that boats won't be tempted to venture more than 20 miles offshore and so that a third crewman can swing shift on each boat, thereby decreasing the hazard induced by fatigue. Despite these trammels, the race has prospered. Now it is truly international. In the race that ended last Saturday, in addition to mainland Yanks and two Hawaiians representing a New York State distillery, there were three New Zealanders who live in California and sailed for a Norfolk, Va. radio station. There were also three Aussies, on a boat called *Australia* partly backed by Qantas Airlines and Aristocrat Slot Machines, and also a team of South Africans who had plucked $40,000 out of their own pockets in order to take their lumps.

The 11-boat fleet shoves off at Fort Lauderdale into waters that wouldn't be millpond-smooth long



In the first competition, race headquarters consisted of whichever bartender was on duty in Worrell's restaurant. Worrell, then 32, not only served as the entire race committee, but also competed in the event and won it. This year the race committee numbered close to two dozen. Race headquarters had four telephones, which were steadily manned to keep tabs on the 11 boats entered.

But the Worrell 1000 remains a tough, exhausting, seat-of-the-pants race. If it isn't the ultimate test of sailing, it's certainly a unique one. While plying the briny in $250,000 hulls, have any SORC sailors ever been threatened by sea turtles? In the Sydney-Hobart Race has any helmsman hugged the coast so closely that he ran over the line of a surf fisherman battling a 310-pound tiger shark? In the Fastnet Race, has any skipper strayed so far into an estuary that he ended up high and dry when the tide ran out? Has any navigator in the Annapolis-Newport Race ever tried to make it all the way using only a service-station road map? Such things happen in the Worrell 1000.

Failure to finish is no disgrace. In the races to date only 23 of 50 entries have completed the course. In the first race, winner Worrell was also the only finisher. For more than 700 miles he had a nip-and-tuck battle with a rival skipper, an airline pilot named Peter Guthrie. The race might have gone down to the wire, except that on the final leg from Cape Hatteras, the so-called "graveyard of the Atlantic," to Virginia Beach, the road map Guthrie was using became so soggy it came apart at a crease. In patching it, Guthrie canted the coastline eastward. After he had wandered afar, a man on a trawler informed Guthrie that on his present heading he would end up somewhere between New York and Cape Cod.

Last year all nine entries reached Virginia Beach, riding most of the time on brisk winds slightly abaft the beam that are much to the liking of Hobie cats. This year, as if to make amends for that ben-

continued



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eficence, the sleeping Atlantic giant toyed with the sailors a while, served up a thunderstorm or two, then delivered a wallop that almost knocked out the whole fleet. By the time the lead boats reached the last checkpoint just short of Cape Hatteras, the barometer was dropping and the wind rising. Seven of the 11 boats did finally finish at Virginia Beach, but four of them had trailered their craft around Cape Hatteras and sailed a drastically shortened distance. Of the three that made it under sail around the Cape, only one, the winning rookie team from Australia, covered the full course, riding up onto the sand at Virginia Beach last Saturday morning.

Weather Mark led for the first leg, which terminated at Cocoa Beach, 160 miles north of Fort Lauderdale. *The Shack*, sponsored by a Virginia Beach restaurant-lounge of the same name, took over on the second leg before *Weather Mark* regained the lead and lost it again. *Mark* was running third, a scant seven minutes out of first, when it was beset by violent, squally winds and withdrew, the crew suffering from hypothermia.

On the second leg, a whopper of a sea turtle made its mark in the night. Mick Whitehead, a former Hobie 16 world champion from Cape Town, South Africa and his crewman, Eric Hasselbach, saw a dark mound suddenly rise dead ahead. In the next instant, a turtle almost the size of their boat's trampoline emerged astern, tossed a two-foot-long flipper in the air, reared its head as if in disdain, then sounded. The turtle had opened a five-inch gash in one hull and the South Africans were lucky to make the next checkpoint without foundering.

Because his son, Hobie Jr., a three-time national Hobie cat champion, was on *The Shack*, Hobie Alter, producer of the cats, was on hand for the race. Midway up the coast with *The Shack* well ahead and the Australians back in fourth, more than an hour behind, Hobie Sr. warned, "The Australians are the only ones I would worry about now. They are fast, and they'll be very fast when it blows." As predicted, when the winds piped up off Carolina, the Aussies began to move.

At the next-to-last checkpoint, 210 miles from the finish, it became a race between two curiously handicapped boats: *Australia* and *Cool Cat*, sponsored by a cooler manufacturer. Because none of the Aussies had seen the U.S. East Coast before, they were definitely short on local knowledge. The members of the *Cool Cat* crew were sailing veterans, but they were short on manpower. The most experienced of them, student naval aviator Richard Wallio, had to report back to duty at the Meridian (Miss.) Naval Air Station twice during the race.

Confused by the profusion of winking, blinking markers, the Aussies put ashore twice to inquire where they were, but got little help. A lady they waked at 4 a.m. south of Cocoa Beach told them they had 80 miles yet to sail when they actually had about half that. Two days later, in the first light of dawn, when the Aussies emerged bedraggled from the sea seeking Myrtle Beach, S.C., two startled ladies informed them that the town was a half-hour farther along, then fled, without explaining whether it was a half-hour by boat or car or goat cart.

Australia, carrying full sail in the 25-mph winds, had worked out a nine-minute, 55-second lead on the reefed *Cool Cat*, at the final checkpoint near the tip of Cape Hatteras. After a three-minute, 25-second stop to get everything in order for the prolonged horror that lay on the windward side of the Cape, *Australia* took off, presuming *Cool Cat* would soon follow. *Cool* tarried for more than an hour and a half, to let the exhausted crewmen dry out and rest. As *Australia* struggled up the final northerly leg, the wind was gusting to 40. After rounding the Cape well behind the Aussies, *Cool Cat* slogged only four miles north, then the crew said to hell with it and repaired to a motel. After she cleared the Cape roughly two hours later, *The Shack* only went a half-mile before putting ashore.

At 6:30 p.m. last Wednesday, Race Chairman Worrell yellow-flagged the race by radio, but having no receiver, the Aussies carried on through a tangle of 10-foot waves. They capsized once but recovered in good order. Fisherman Curt Prentice, who watched *Australia* toward nightfall, reported, "They were traveling up and down farther than they were forward. Those boys must have doodads in their brains to be out in seas like that."

Several hours after dark, 84 miles from the finish, the head fitting of the Aussie mainsail failed. They struggled for shore under jib, barely missing the skeleton of a ship that had lain long in the notorious Hatteras graveyard. A wave came down on their stern with such force that the twin bows shot up and backward while spinning. In effect, the boat performed a gainer with a half-twist and landed upside down, her mast broken.



Seven days later, the Aussies land in Virginia

The storm persisted for another 24 hours. When it finally subsided, to complete the race *Australia* was trailered back down to a point five miles north of the tip of Cape Hatteras. *Cool* and *Shack* were advanced to the same starting line. After *Australia* set off toward the finish, the other two were held for the same time margin by which they had trailed *Australia* at the final checkpoint below Cape Hatteras two days earlier. Four other boats that had never rounded the Cape and had trailed the leaders by margins of from nine to 15 hours, were allowed to take off from the same starting line with handicaps ranging from 4½ to 6½ hours. To shorten a course is reasonable, but to allow boats to continue that haven't completed a portion of a course that their rivals have, makes no sense in any race. But then the Worrell 1000 isn't the sort of affair that can absorb too much logic and still retain its character. Put too much sense into it and it might end up becoming just another staid yacht race. It's too worthwhile an event to suffer such a sorry fate. **END**

Going To Great Lengths

Long jumping is a family affair for Carl Lewis, the world indoor record holder, and sister Carol, who has the U.S. girls' junior mark

by Sarah Pileggi



Fred Lawler was born in Alabama in 1897 and lived there until he died 72 years later. If he was an athlete he never had a chance to find out because he had to work too hard just to get by. He was never what anybody would call well-off, but he owned his own house and his own piece of land, and although he was uneducated he saw to it that his seven children stayed in school, even during cotton-picking season when other people's children had to work in the fields.

One thing about Fred Lawler, he was always in a hurry. His children remember that he didn't just climb onto the seat of his tractor or into the cab of his truck, he jumped. And when he jumped back down, he hit the ground running

"Run! Run!" was his constant exhortation

And run they did. They ran everywhere, and they climbed up and jumped off everything, off treetops, *continued*



rooftops, barn tops. They were strong, skinny country children who walked four miles to school and back in Gadsden in all weather, and they were natural athletes. The girls—Evelyn, Freddie, Lurene and Sue—played basketball at Carver High School, and Evelyn and Freddie ran track, too. Fred Lawler would drive the track team to meets in his truck, and his wife, Lurene, would accompany her daughters to town for basketball games, taking with her an armload of firewood for the friend she would visit while she waited for them.

Evelyn was the second-oldest girl, and the skinniest. She ran so fast and jumped so high at Carver that she caught the eye of Major Cleve Abbott, the athletic director at Tuskegee Institute, and with his help she became the first in her family to go to college. At Tuskegee, Evelyn Lawler studied to be a physical-education teacher and she ran the hurdles. Also at Tuskegee, Evelyn met and married William McKinley Lewis Jr., from Chicago, a tall, handsome football player, sprinter and long jumper who was studying to be a teacher.

In 1951, the year she graduated, Evelyn made the team that went to the first Pan American Games, in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where she finished sixth in the 80-meter hurdles.

Today Evelyn and Bill Lewis live and teach high school in Willingboro, N.J., a tidy but otherwise unremarkable suburb 15 miles from Philadelphia. They have been married for almost 30 years and they show every sign of intending to be married for at least 30 more. Obviously theirs is a good match. In the matter of genes, and people are always bringing up the subject of genes with the Lewises, the match was clearly made in heaven. Evelyn and Bill have four children—Mackie, 26, Cleve, 25, Carl, 19, and Carol, 17—and every one is an extraordinary athlete. Mackie was a high school sprinter and long jumper who still holds a county record for the 220. Cleve was an All-New England soccer player at Brandeis

Coach Tellez converted Lewis from the hang technique of jumping he had used in high school to the more complicated double hitch kick shown here



and the first American black ever drafted by a pro soccer team, the Cosmos. Ultimately he played two seasons for the Memphis Rogues

But it is the younger two, Carl and Carol, both long jumpers, who are putting Willingboro on the map Both of them made the 1980 Olympic team that didn't go to Moscow, and both are such extraordinarily gifted athletes that their coaches, when asked to assess their potential, are often at a loss for words

"I don't know," says Tom Tellez, the track coach at the University of Houston, where Carl is a sophomore. "I've never had anyone like him "

Which is not to say that Tellez has not coached talented athletes. While he was an assistant at UCLA, he had three outstanding long jumpers, 27-foot-man James McAlister and NCAA champions Jerry Herndon and Finn Bendixen, as well as outstanding triple jumpers Willie Banks, Milan Tiff and James Butts. But Carl Lewis is something else again. Three weeks ago at the UCLA-Pepsi meet in Los Angeles he made the second-longest jump in history, 28′ 3¾″. Because the aiding wind was .02 over the allowable two meters per second, that leap isn't officially recognized, but his jump of 27′ 9¼″ the same day set a U.S. all-comers record He holds the world indoor record of 27′ 10¼″, which he set at the Southwest Conferenee championships in Fort Worth on Feb. 20.

"Speed is the biggest factor in long jumping. You have to have it to be great," says Tellez. "Kids with Carl's speed usually run sprints. The sprints are more glamorous. But now, in Carl, we have a sprinter who jumps."

Lewis was ranked seventh in the world for 100 meters last year, when his best time was 10.21, and he is clearly improving This winter, on the same day on which he established his indoor long-jump record, he also ran the fourth-fastest 60-yard dash ever, 6.06. Only Stanley Floyd, last year's top-ranked sprinter who has done 6.04 twice, and Houston McTear, at 6.05, have bettered his time Then, two weeks ago at the Southwest Conference outdoor championships in



continued

The Lewises

continued

Dallas, Lewis ran the fastest sea-level 100 meters in history, 10.00. There have been just two better times, the world record of 9.95 by Jim Hines of the U.S. and a 9.98 by Cuba's Silvio Leonard, which were achieved in the thin air of Mexico City and Guadalajara, respectively. Lewis' time is an NCAA record, breaking the mark of 10.02 set by USC's James Sanford last year. If the voting were held right now, Lewis might possibly be ranked No. 1 in the world in both the long jump and 100 meters.

Understandably, Tellez says he doesn't know what Carl's best event is. At the SWC meet Lewis set the highest recorded conference total by scoring 32 points for Houston, which finished fourth behind winner Texas A&M with a team total of 85. In addition to his blazing 100, he won the 200 meters in 20.73 and anchored the Cougars' second-place 400-meter relay team. To conserve energy, he took just one long jump, but with it he set an SWC record of 27′ ¾″. So versatile is Lewis that Tellez thinks he could be one of the greatest hurdlers ever. The late Jumbo Elliott once said Lewis was a born quarter-miler.

Be all that as it may, Carl decided years ago to be a long jumper, and ever since he has politely resisted the blandishments of coaches with other things in mind. A high school coach who wanted Carl to run the hurdles once made a bargain with him. If Carl, whose best time then was 9.8 for the 100-yard dash, could do 9.5 before the end of the season, he wouldn't have to run hurdles at all the next season. Carl ran a 9.3 and held the coach to his bargain. Having decided to be a long jumper, however, and, furthermore, to be the best long jumper in the world, Carl is condemned, as all long jumpers have been for nearly 13 years, to chasing a ghost.

Bob Beamon's 29′ 2½″ jump at the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City was one of those rare athletic feats that are so far beyond the standard of their time that they are almost incomprehensible. Like Babe Ruth's 60 home runs, Bobby Jones' 13 major championships and Rudolf Harbig's 1:46.6 for the 800, Beamon's jump was for years considered untouchable. After all, it was almost two *feet* farther than anyone had jumped before. World records in long jumping aren't supposed to be improved in increments of feet. Inches, maybe, but not feet.

Lately, though, the impossible has begun to seem possible after all. Lutz Dombrowski of East Germany jumped 28′ ¼″ at the Moscow Olympics last summer, the first, except for Beamon's, of more than 28 feet. Larry Myricks, 25, won the 1979 World Cup with a leap of 27′ 11½″ two years ago and has been over 27 feet more than a dozen times since. And now there is Lewis, with his stunning performances at the Pepsi meet. Furthermore, Carl has already won three NCAA long-jump titles (two indoor, one outdoor). No one has ever won four, and Carl has five more shots at it before he graduates. But the best reason for optimism is Carl's age. Nineteen is young for a long jumper. Tellez, although he is instinctively cautious (and possibly a little superstitious, too) said last month, "It's conceivable Lewis can jump in the 29s if conditions are right. I *know* he'll be in the 28s." How right he was.

Clyde Duncan, who is one of Tellez's assistants at Houston, says flatly, "Within two years Lewis can do 30 feet."

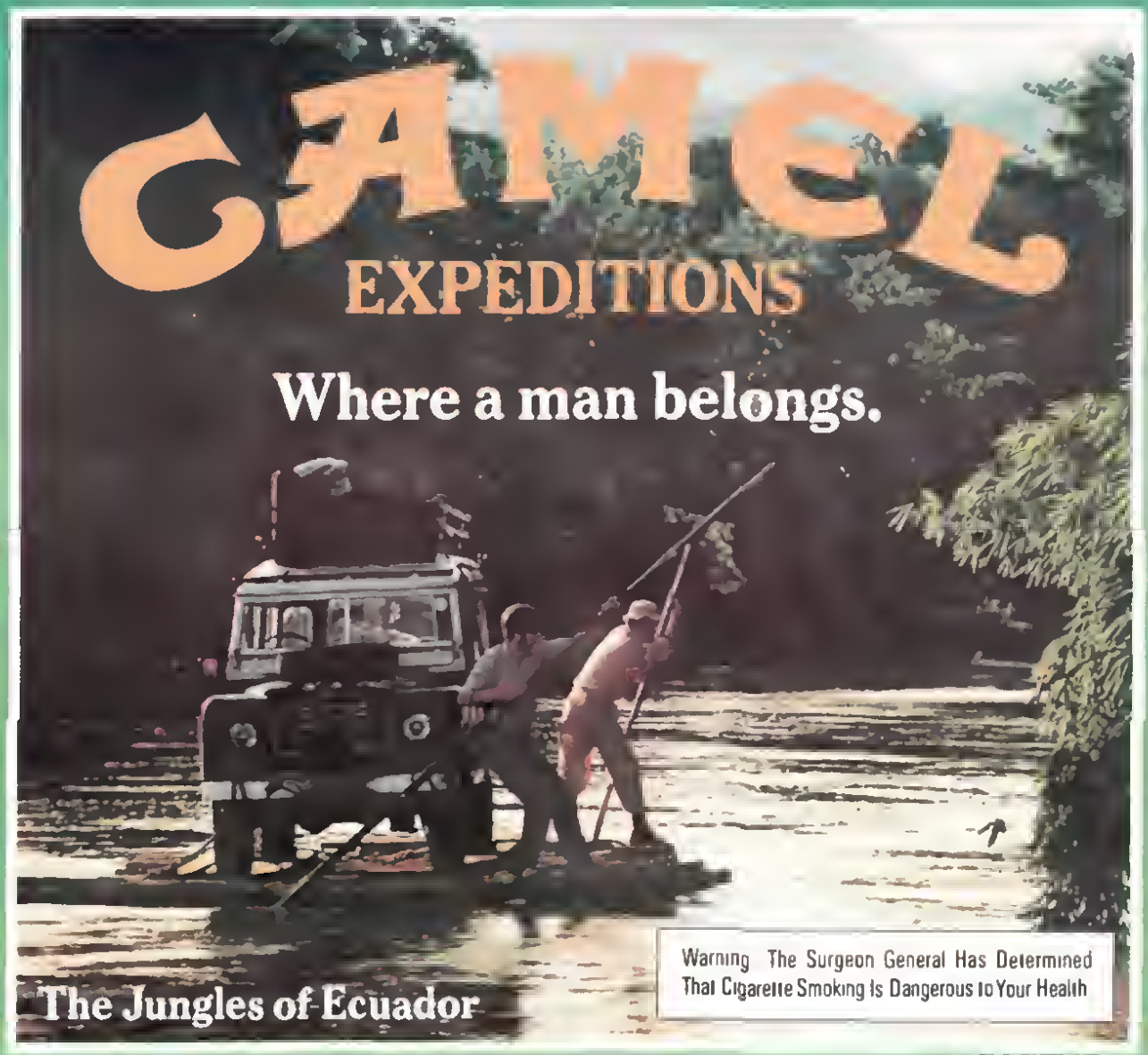
And then there is Carol Lewis. An assistant track coach at Willingboro High School, where Carol is a senior, says, "She's probably one of the most gifted athletes in history." The girls' head coach might say it, too, but Evelyn Lewis is the head coach and it's not in her nature to brag about her wondrous children.

Carol, like Carl, is a long jumper by choice. She holds the American Junior record of 21′ 7¾″, and, at 17, she was the fourth-ranked female long jumper in the U.S. last year. At Willingboro High, however, they like to talk about all the

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Bill and Evelyn (standing, center) helped Cleve, Carol, Carl and Mackie overcome career hurdles.



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The Lewises

continued



Versatile Carol sticks it to Willingboro's foes in several events

other things she has done and could have done. She hurdles, she high-jumps and she puts the shot. She used to be on the school diving team, and even though she is 5′ 10″ and 145 pounds, she is an excellent gymnast. When she was 13 she entered her first and last pentathlon competition. She won, setting a national age-group record, and then she retired. When she was a high school freshman and diving was her favorite sport after long jumping, the girls' freshman basketball coach at Willingboro tried to lure her onto his team. Carol showed up the first day of practice, complaining loudly that she didn't know how to play the game. Then, according to Frank Schuenemann, the coach, the first time she touched the ball she "grabbed it off the rim on a rebound like a guy and threw it to another girl so hard the girl couldn't get her arms up and it hit her on the head."

But basketball wasn't Carol's cup of tea, and after a couple of days she went back to the pool. "I bet she could dunk," says Schuenemann wistfully.

Tellez thinks Carol might be better than Carl was at the same age. "She's a simply amazing athlete," he says. "And she and Carl are identical in the way they think and respond. I really want a chance to work with her."

Tellez will get his chance. Carol decided in early March to attend Houston next year. She has always been one of the boys, and the Lewis boys, all three of them, are already in Houston. Carol claims she doesn't miss her brothers, but she calls them several times a week, often collect. Cleve, who has an economics degree from Brandeis, works as a financial analyst for Dun & Bradstreet and shares an off-campus apartment with Carl. Mackie is studying for a degree in geology at the university. He trains with the track team when he isn't in class. "Mackie is a real dedicated student," says Carl. "He's *always* in class."

"I was a little disappointed when Carl chose Houston," says Bill Lewis, "but only because of the distance. When Cleve was at Brandeis I could drive up there in six hours. But I can't go to Houston." On the other hand, Houston has Tellez, and Tellez knows jumping, and Bill Lewis knows he knows. "If you have to turn your child over to someone," says Bill, "I can't think of anybody I'd feel better about turning him over to."

A tall, trim 54, Bill Lewis teaches social studies at John F. Kennedy, the other high school in Willingboro, and he knows coaches because he is one. He coaches the girls' track team at Kennedy, just as Evelyn does at Willingboro. At dual meets between the schools, Evelyn says, they "kiss and come out fighting." Evelyn's teams, buttressed by Carol and her best friend, Michelle Glover, who ranked eighth in the U.S. at 100 meters in 1980, have won New Jersey state championships both indoors and outdoors the last couple of years. Bill's team is "rebuilding," as they say in the coaching game.

"When we came to Willingboro from Alabama in 1963, I wanted very much to coach track," says Evelyn, "but the athletic director said no. The girls only had a field hockey team and, later, a softball team. So I began teaching a few promising girls a year on my own. I took three of them to a meet in Red Bank and they did very well. I thought that would fire up some of our school officials, get them interested, but they didn't respond, so I pretty much gave up and just worked with kids in class."

In 1969, Evelyn and Bill founded the Willingboro Track Club so that the town's young athletes could compete through the summer months. Carl and Carol were seven and five, respectively—too young to compete but old enough to tag along and play in the sand of the long-jump pit. "It saved baby-sitting money," says Evelyn. Carol, whose closets are now filled with warmup suits and running shoes, says her earliest memory is of "going to practice every day and running around in my K-Mart specials," *black Keds with high tops*.

At first the club was made up of 12 to 15 girls, the youngest of them 9-year-olds, who worked out two evenings a week at Kennedy High. Then the boys, who had been standing around looking on during May and June, asked if they could join, and before the summer was over the Lewises had staged seven local track meets and an Olympic development meet. Within two years they were sending teams to the Jesse Owens novice meets in Philadelphia, and in 1974, "by scuffling around for air fare, motels and food expenses," they took 12 boys, one of them Carl, to the age-group nationals in Pasadena, Calif. "We had one national record and almost everyone got a medal," says Evelyn proudly.

When the parents of club members could afford it, they paid the travel expenses. When they couldn't, there were dances and candy sales and raffles to make up the difference. And if there was still not enough, the money came out of the Lewises' pockets. Through the 1970s, the club's expenses ran from $15,000 to $20,000 a year, of which as much as $7,000 to $10,000 came out of Bill's and Evelyn's teacher's salaries. Evelyn has had her heart set on carpeting for her house for years, but every year something more important comes up, such as getting an athlete—her own child

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The Lewises

continued

or someone else's—to a meet where that athlete deserves to be, and the carpeting is postponed again. "I wouldn't have spent a penny any other way," she says.

It is Sunday morning in Willingboro. In the kitchen at 4 Thornhill Lane, Carol Lewis is perched on a stool at a counter, reading the sports section and waiting for something to happen, like breakfast. Her gloriously athletic frame is encased, hood to bunny feet, in a fuzzy blue get-up called a "chillchaser."

"They should put me in *Superstars*," she says to her mother and an invisible audience of hundreds. "I'd *kill* those girls."

When communication is essential, Carol can speak slowly, calmly and with only moderate emphasis, just as Carl does. But when she is entertaining the folks, which is all the rest of the time, her voice has the timbre and the inflection of a Pavarotti, the pace of a jackhammer and a bit of a lisp.

She continues her monologue. "What do they have? A water jump? I'd long-jump that. A high bar? I'd hurdle that. A wall? That's like climbing fences. I'd just *jump* up half of that. When Skeets [Renaldo Nehemiah] was in *Superstars*, you know what he tripped over? The *hurdles*! Fell flat on his face. I'd have been really embarrassed. What's for breakfast, Mom?"

Evelyn Lawler Lewis is leaning over the dishwasher. It is clear she is no ordinary 51-year-old mother of four. For one thing, she is wearing size-7 blue jeans, running shoes and a warmup jacket that says STATE CHAMPS, TRACK AND FIELD, 1980 on the back and COACH LEWIS in small letters on the front. She seems almost frail beside her strapping daughter, but her movements are still those of an athlete. She hurries without seeming to.

Her sister, Freddie O'Garro, who lives a few blocks away, says she has seen Evelyn going over the hurdles during a P.E. class as recently as last month. "I don't do it often," says Evelyn. "Only when nothing seems to be getting through. I like it to come out of them. I think I'm a pretty low-key coach."

"I'm not surprised she can still get over," says her son Cleve. "She outran us for a long time, me until I was 10 or so. We used to get out most every week, out in front of the house, and I'd say, 'O.K., Mom, I'm ready now,' and she'd beat me again."

Evelyn is hurrying to a breakfast meeting with two of her three assistant coaches to map out the opening weeks of the outdoor season for the track team.

"You're on your own this morning," she tells her daughter.

"Awwww, Mom!" Carol moans, more to be saying something than out of genuine distress. She drags herself across the room and pulls open the refrigerator door. "I think I'll have noodles," she says to herself, but loudly enough for her mother to hear. "They're the easiest." Her mother doesn't rise to the bait.

Carol Lewis has a better time than ought to be legal. She seems to grab every day, wring it out, toss it aside and reach for the next. She works out, she competes, she does most of her schoolwork in study hall, and she gets B's. She travels every time she gets a chance, which is more and more often these days as the pace of her invitations from meet directors picks up. And, when there is absolutely *nothing* else to do, she sits in her room with Muffett, her fiercely loyal Pekingese-Chihuahua-cocker spaniel, by her side and with her stereo blasting, she reads Harlequin romances at a rate of four or five a week.

The walls and ceiling of her bedroom are covered, every inch, with photos, posters and memorabilia of an already full life. Most of the people in the pictures would be heroes to a normal 17-year-old. To Carol they are friends, the ones she sees when she travels. They are sprinters and pentathletes and field-hockey players. They are judoists, gymnasts, weight lifters and divers. She has an album of snapshots, taken last summer during the week of festivities held in Washington, D.C. for the disappointed U.S. Olympic team, which is full of her friends—hurdler Benita Fitzgerald, diver Greg Louganis, sprinters Harvey Glance, Stanley Floyd and Pam Greene. Also hurdler Willie Gault, 800-meter-man Don Paige, President Carter and Andy Gibb. Gibb is hugging Carol. The top of his wavy blond locks *almost* reaches her collarbone. And there is a photograph of Carol, leaning on a mantelpiece, wearing her Olympic cowgirl parade uniform and staring haughtily down her nose at the camera. The hand-lettered caption reads, ME IN THE EAST ROOM.

"Carol is *not* shy," says Evelyn. "She was extremely active even when she was a little thing." In spite of her 18 years in the Northeast, Evelyn's voice still has soft Alabama edges. "I had to learn not to be frightened for her. Everybody else would

continued



Carl, SWC 100- and 200-meter champ, uses 10-flat speed to give a hand to Cougar relay teams



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be swinging, and she'd be up on top of the swing. At six months she could crawl over the top of her crib. She didn't even associate with girls till she was about 13. She was Carl's buddy and nobody else's. His friends were her friends. She played their games. They treated her just like one of them. I used to wonder when she was ever going to change."

Only two years apart in age, Carl and Carol were inseparable. When Carl took cello lessons and played in the school orchestra, Carol took violin and did the same. If Carl was going to be a long jumper, so was Carol. If Carl was going to make the Olympic team, so was Carol.

At the Olympic Track and Field Trials in Eugene, Ore. last June, Carl made the team by finishing second behind Myricks in the long jump and fourth in the 100, thereby qualifying for the sprint relay. Even though they knew then that there would be no Olympics, it was a happy moment for all the Lewises. But when Carol, then only 16, also made the team by finishing third in the women's long jump, the entire family was ecstatic. Carl was in the stands that day, watching nervously. "When Carol made it, it was a bigger thrill than when I did," he says. Carol pointed to the ordinarily reserved Evelyn and said, "Just look at our mother there in the crowd, hugging and kissing and everything."

Carl had been progressing steadily toward the Olympic team for years. "When I started high school, the school record was 21′ 6″," he says. "No one in the county had ever jumped much beyond 22 feet. I jumped 22 feet after my freshman year, so I made it my goal to jump 25 feet before I was out of high school. I even put 25 feet on my jacket in my sophomore year, and I was laughed at. No one in South Jersey can jump over 25 feet is what they were saying."

By the time Carl entered Houston, he had jumped 26′ 8″ and had made the national teams that went to the Pan Am Games in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and the Spartakiade and had won bronze medals at both.

College track and field athletes, even those as talented as Carl, rarely get the sort of recognition they deserve. Last February, thanks to Frank Schultz, Houston's assistant athletic director for media relations, Carl got some recognition, but he got it at a basketball game. Schultz cooked up a brief ceremony to take place in Hofheinz Pavilion at halftime of a Cougar game. Ostensibly, the ceremony was to retire the shoes that Carl had worn when he had made his indoor-world-record jump at the Southwest Conference championships the previous week. In fact, the idea was to allow the student body to recognize an outstanding athletic achievement in a less publicized sport, an event that probably none of them had witnessed, since it had taken place in Fort Worth.

The moment could have fallen flat, and at first Carl seemed aware of that possibility. He responded to the applause of the basketball crowd with a polite wave, a little duck of the head and preparation for a fast exit. But then the applause began to swell, and people began to stand up, and finally there was a full, loving, standing ovation. For a long jumper!

Carl, says Schultz, seemed slightly stunned at first, but then he responded in kind. He smiled his brightest, widest, happiest victory smile and raised his arms over his head to acknowledge the sound coming from all around him as if he had just accepted a gold medal on an Olympic victory stand.

"The fans know him," says Tellez, "but they can't normally show their emotion. They don't have the opportunity."

"That was really nice," says Carl, in his measured way. "*Really* nice."

Carol's big moment was at an international meet in the Olympic Stadium in West Berlin last summer. The U.S. Olympic team was on its post-Games European tour. Many of the athletes were bitterly disappointed at having missed out on Moscow, and Carol was sympathetic, especially to Edwin Moses, the incomparable intermediate hurdler. "I think the only way he would have lost was if he fell down and broke his foot and couldn't get back up again," she says. But she was also having the time of her young life, hopscotching with her friends from country to country. Aug. 8, the day of the Berlin meet, was her 17th birthday. Carl gave her a radio, her team gave her a cake, and she won the long jump, in that order. When she was presented with a gold coin, 32,000 people applauded, but the part she liked best was that she had won in the same stadium where Jesse Owens had triumphed in 1936.

Owens, as man, sprinter and long jumper, looms large in the Lewis household hagiology, right up with Tuskegee's Major Cleve Abbott. Owens was living and working in Chicago in the 1940s when Bill Lewis was a student there at Dunbar Vocational School. "He was always my superhero," says Bill. "I never met a man I was so impressed with."

When Carl was 10 years old and competing in his first Jesse Owens age-group meet in Philadelphia, Bill introduced his son to his hero, and he likes to think that their brief chat that day may have made a long jumper out of Carl. However, Carl says, "Nobody was into the long jump so I always had a lot of time to practice. I never had to wait my turn and I got to run *and* jump."

Carl has already been likened to Owens. While Owens will always be best remembered for his role in the Berlin Olympics, his greatest day as an athlete was at the Big Ten championships of 1935 when he set world records in the 220 (accepted as the 200-meter record as well), the broad jump and the 220 low hurdles (also recognized as the 200-meter hurdles record) and tied the 100-yard-dash record. Yet Jim Tuppeny, the former track coach at Pennsylvania, told a reporter last year that in his opinion Carl is a better athlete than Owens was.

Another reporter wrote, "This kid is going to be a star, and it's hard to think of anyone who will wear it more gracefully. . . . You'd like your son to be like Carl Lewis. . . . He's just about perfect."

Carl is a paragon all right, but a likable one. His manner is open and friendly, neither self-effacing nor aggressive. He answers questions thoughtfully and patiently and he keeps his appointments to the minute. He is a long-legged, good-looking 6′ 2″, 175 pounds, and his back is as straight as a West Point cadet's. He likes clothes and he dresses himself carefully. He also spends his money carefully. A few months ago, while attending a meet in New York City, he and Carol and Stanley Floyd were nearly killed in garment center traffic as they darted between cars, trying to get to a sale at a clothing boutique before the store closed.

Perhaps the most amazing part of Carl's story is that before this season he did all his jumping on a bad knee. Throughout high school, every time he jumped he further injured himself. By the latter half of his senior year he was jumping only in meets, and after every compe-

continued

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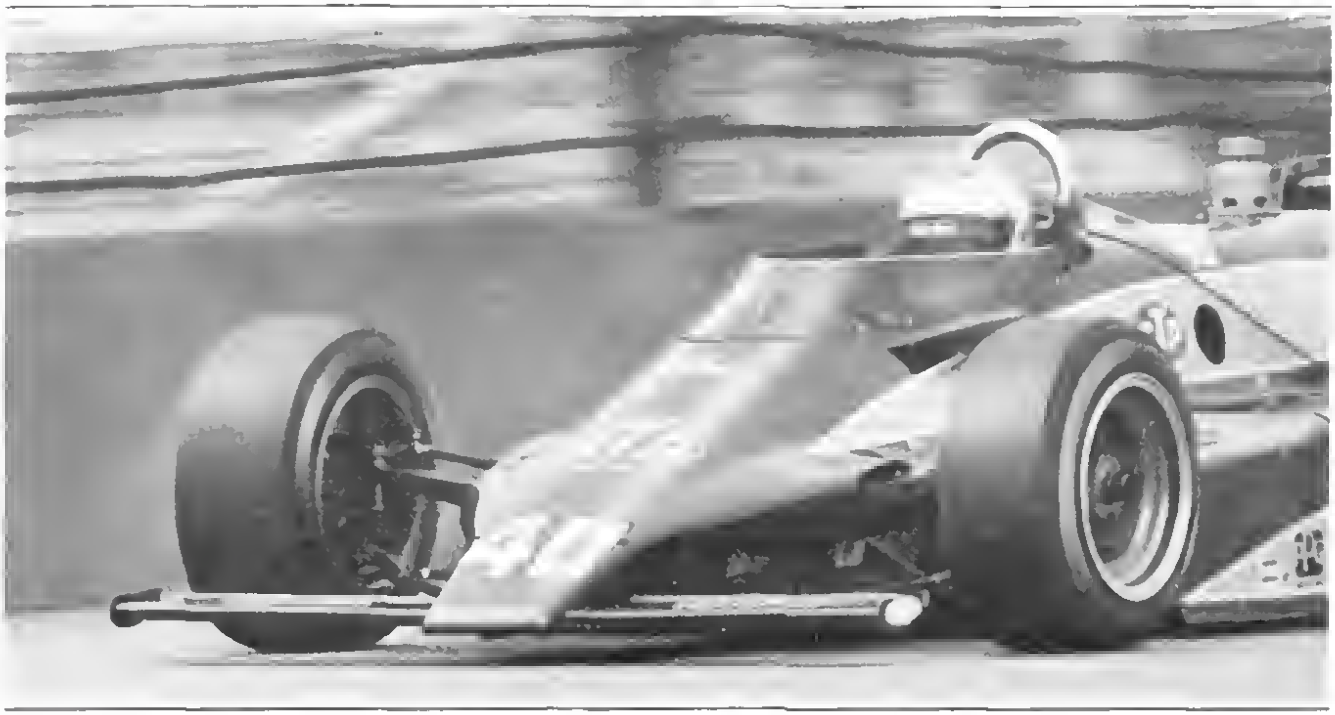
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GOODYEAR

QUALITY AND INNOVATION

tition the swelling in his right knee would take several days to go down. By the time he got to Houston the muscles of his right leg, his takeoff leg, were atrophied to the point that his so-called weaker leg was the larger. "The joint was taking all the strain that should have been absorbed by the muscular structure," says Tellez, who had never seen Carl jump before he was recruited and knew nothing of the injury until he showed up in Houston.

The problem began with a fall when Carl was 11, which created scar tissue that kept rubbing against the tendons. The condition worsened during his junior year when he developed the habit of reaching for the takeoff board on his last stride. "Usually, when a jumper reaches for the board like that he tends to jump too high. But Carl was able to overcome that," says Tellez.

Finally, at the state Grand Championship meet at the end of his senior year, jumping without spikes from a brand-new board—spikes were forbidden that day because officials feared they would damage the surface—he slipped on his first jump and hurt the knee. On his second jump he slipped again. At last he complained that jumping without spikes was dangerous, and the ban was lifted. On his third jump Carl set a meet record, but the knee injury had been aggravated. His condition, patella tendinitis, or jumper's knee, also afflicts high jumpers. "I don't know how he jumped at all," says Tellez. "But he's a great athlete and great athletes will find a way."

One way Carl had found was taking off on his left leg. He has jumped nearly 25 feet on the "wrong" leg. Being right-footed naturally and a born hard worker, he dealt with right-footedness as an affliction to be overcome. "I tried to make the left foot stronger," he says. "I high-jumped left-footed, and when I try to dunk a basketball I do it left-footed. I started long-jumping left-footed, too, but then I alternated every year for four years. Finally I got sick of changing every year and I just ended up on the right. Also, I was young and wasn't thinking much about what I was doing. In the end it was good, because when I had to rest the right, I could. It also helps if I ever want to triple-jump."

Since Carl has been at Houston, his bad leg has undergone a three-pronged attack—therapy, exercise and indoctrination in a new technique for his run and takeoff that puts less strain on the knee. Because he couldn't jump without considerable pain through most of his freshman year, he competed much of the time in sprints and sprint relays. Changing the method of a lifetime under such conditions wasn't easy, yet somehow he won both the NCAA indoor and outdoor titles his freshman year and made the Olympic team. He exceeded 26' 6" on occasion, but he wasn't yet getting the big jumps he and Tellez were after.

"When you get a kid who was as good in high school as Carl was," says Tellez, "and you tell him 'I'm going to change you,' you'd better know what you're talking about, and he'd better know what you're talking about, and he'd better have confidence in you.

"What Carl and all the other great athletes I've known have in common is that they know themselves. They know how much to work and when to slack off. They have a sense of their bodies and what they can do. Carl is a very sensitive person to things happening around him. The way he was raised, he'd be very vocal about it if things weren't going right. He'd say, 'No, I won't accept this.'"

"About 90% of the time I wanted to change back," says Carl. "I was panicky sometimes when it seemed like nothing was going right. But I was too far along to turn back, so I said to myself, 'O.K., let's go get it.'"

Finally, at the NCAA outdoor meet in Austin, Texas last June, he got it. He did a 27' 4¾" that was ruled wind-aided, but Tellez says the wind was just a little gust at the board that had nothing to do with the jump.

"Because he couldn't jump much his first year," says Tellez, "he had to work on the idea of the last two strides. When he got that 27' 4¾" he finally *felt* it."

Carl's strides are seven to eight feet long and on a good outdoor runway there are 21 of them, each a thing of beauty. You can freeze a film of a Carl Lewis long jump on any frame and then just sit back and marvel at the sculptural perfection of the picture in front of you. As in the leaps of a wild animal, an impala, say, there is no awkwardness. As he leaves the board, his left leg and his right arm begin the cycling movements in the air that counteract the natural forward rotation of the body and prepare its position for landing. Then, as his body descends, his legs reach forward, heels stretching for the sand, arms trailing. At the last moment the arms swing forward together to ensure that he continues forward rather than falls back.

When you rerun the film and watch the jump again, again it is perfect.

That is what the Lewis family was doing with a videotape one evening recently in the den of the house on Thornhill Lane. Every surface in the small room is crowded with trophies and scrapbooks, and the walls are covered with plaques and certificates and photographs. The density of objects is dazzling. Eventually, though, one very large silver loving cup comes into focus. The engraving reads:

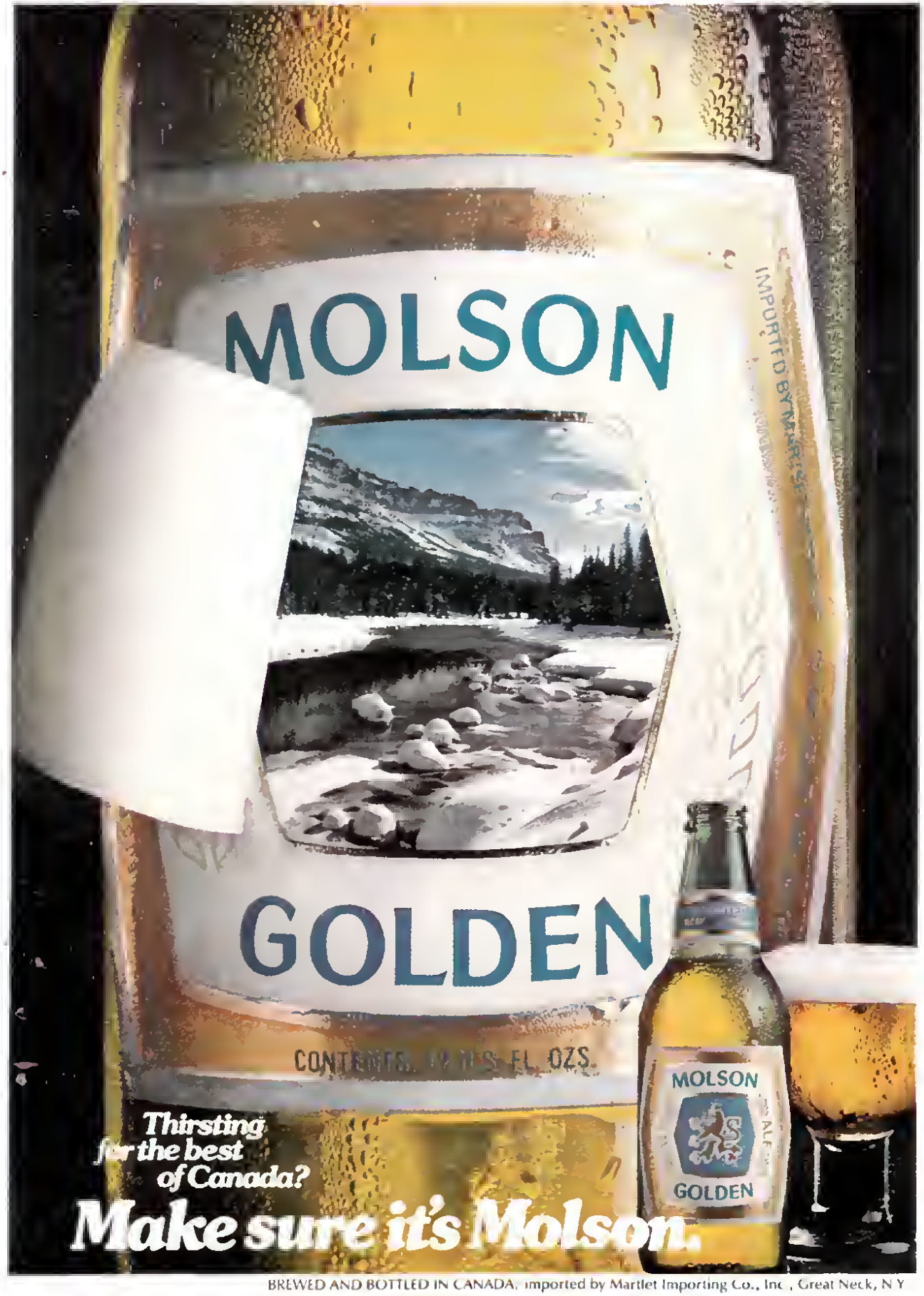
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FEMALE
CAROL LEWIS
WILLINGBORO H.S.
WILLINGBORO, N.J.
TOUCHDOWN CLUB
WASHINGTON, D.C.
JAN. 10, 1981

Alongside the trophy is a photo—Carol in her pale-pink prom dress flanked by Bill, in a tux, smiling proudly, his eyeglasses reflecting the photographer's flash, and Evelyn, svelte as a model in her long-sleeved evening gown.

Shirley Hufstedler was still Secretary of Education in January of this year when she introduced Carol at the Touchdown Club awards dinner. Her opening words were, "Carol Lewis, at 17, has already amassed enough awards for a lifetime." Which only proves that you can be Secretary of Education and still not know everything.

This particular evening Bill, Evelyn, Carol and Tommy Farrell, a young neighbor, are huddled in a semicircle in front of the TV, watching over and over again through the miracle of Betamax a tape that Cleve had sent of Carl's indoor-world-record jump in Fort Worth. Every once in a while Evelyn gets up and goes into the kitchen to do something about dinner, and Carol and Farrell talk about movies and track meets and such, but Bill just keeps on watching from his easy chair in the corner, over and over again, as if he were trying to be there, trying to turn back the clock to the days before he had had to turn his child over to someone else.

"For that meet he was at the peak," he says softly. "He couldn't be beat that night at anything." END



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by LEONARD KOPPETT

OURING THE BROTHERHOOD REVOLT THE MOOD IN BASEBALL WASN'T FRATERNAL



STRATION BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

Not one fan in a thousand, I'd bet, has heard of baseball's Brotherhood War of 1890, and the vast majority of today's players, agents and club officials don't know anything about it, either. Yet out of this rebellion by the best baseball players of the era came attitudes that determined how team spectator sports would develop over the ensuing 50 years.

If you think that public resentment of highly paid athletes and the feeling that sports are becoming too commercialized are new phenomena, consider the following quote: "There was a time when the League stood for integrity and fair dealing. Today it stands for dollars and cents. Once it looked to the elevation of the game and an honest exhibition of the sport; today its eyes are on the turnstile. Men have come into the business for no other motive than to exploit it for every dollar in sight."

That 91-year-old statement is from a manifesto issued after the 1889 season by the Brotherhood of Ball Players, an organization to which most big leaguers belonged. The manifesto was intended to justify the players' plans to form a league of their own, beginning in 1890, an action considered more drastic than calling a strike—which was, itself, a pretty extreme idea a century ago.

In the 1880s, baseball was the only major professional sport in America, and there were two leagues. The National, founded in 1876, was older, stronger and charged more for tickets. The American Association, formed in 1881, was the equal of the National League on two counts: There was a mutual agreement to respect each club's exclusive right to the players on its reserve list and to share the proceeds from an early version of the World Series played each autumn between the pennant winners.

The Brotherhood began in 1885 as a benevolent association concerned with helping players in trouble and improving relations between management and players. When club owners tried, in 1888, to impose a stiff set of salary limits upon the players, the Brotherhood provided a base for player resistance. Its leader, chosen by the players, was John Montgomery Ward, star shortstop of the New York Giants, the National League champions in 1888, and one of the few players who had attended, and graduated college. After that season Ward and many other top players were taken on an around-the-world exhibition tour by the Chicago club's president, Albert Spalding, a former pitcher for the White Stockings and the owner most trusted by the players. But in a calculated move—that Spalding was well aware would take place—while the group was away, the National League enacted the pay-cutting "Brush Classification Plan," which fixed salaries at five different levels, with the best players, Grade A, receiving $2,500 a year.

When Ward and the other players returned from their tour and heard about the new pay scales, they were dismayed. Some even talked of staging a strike on July 4. But most players were wary of striking. Nearly all of them had signed contracts for the coming season, and they feared a loss of public support if they went out. Instead, the Brotherhood established a grievance committee and tried to negotiate with the National League. The negotiations were unsuccessful, and strike talk began again. But Ward thought he had a better idea—a new league. After the 1889 season he and the other Brotherhood leaders began lining up investors for the league, a cooperative venture in which players would share in both the management responsibilities and the profits.

One of the investors sympathetic to Ward's plan was Albert L. Johnson, a wealthy businessman. Johnson loved baseball and he believed that the owners were taking advantage of the players. He also owned a substantial number of streetcar lines around Cleveland, and he saw that an interest in a ball park there could be a profitable enterprise and might be fun, too. So Johnson spent a fair amount of his own time and money traveling to other cities to help get the new league organized.

Keeping their plans secret with remarkable effectiveness, backers were found for eight new teams, and then word of the infant league began to get out.

THE BALL PLAYERS' REVOLT cried a streamer in *The New York Times* of Sept. 23. "To Cast Off the Yoke of the League Bosses," said the subhead.

The next day's *Times* began a follow-up story this way: "From present appearances the Player's League baseball players intend to formulate their scheme of working on the cooperative plan and pocketing their earnings instead of allowing them to drop into the coffers of rich corporations."

That was the plan exactly, and at first it worked.

Approximately two-thirds of the National League's 100 or so players signed with the Players' League—or Brotherhood League, as it was also known—along with about 30 from the American Association. At least 14 stars now enshrined in the Hall of Fame made the switch, including Ward, Buck Ewing and King Kelly. As soon as the new league's playing sites for the 1890 season were announced, it was clear that the Players' League and the National League would clash head on. The Brotherhood not only had teams in seven of the eight National League cities, but games also were scheduled for the same dates and times, forcing spectators to choose between the two. Conflict with the American Association

continued

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was minimal, because common teams were located only in Philadelphia and New York, where the Association had a Brooklyn-Baltimore entry.

So the 1890 season was played with three leagues and bad feelings all around. The Players' League was acknowledged to have the most talent, but its attendance was poor. So were the crowds in the established leagues, as fans grew disgusted with the name calling and the continuous legal and political wrangling. Despite the concern of the backers over mounting losses, the Brotherhood stuck it out by pooling its money. By the end of the season the National League was in bad shape, but the Brotherhood didn't realize how serious its rivals' troubles were. Alarmed by its own losses and the wavering of its backers, it pressed for consolidation with the National League. In the forthcoming negotiations the Brotherhood was outmaneuvered by Spalding, who boldly called for unconditional surrender from the players. He got it.

The star players returned to the National League, which then proceeded to destroy the remains of the American Association, and by 1892 there was only one 12-team league, a monopoly that ended nine years later when the American League was founded.

The mutual destructiveness of the Brotherhood War became the standard example cited to prove many points: 1) that the reserve system is "essential"; 2) that unions have no place in sports; 3) that players can't stick together as businessmen while club owners can; and 4) that owning a ball club is a risky and only sometimes profitable enterprise. Many of those ideas still hold sway, although specific reference to the Brotherhood War has faded.

However, quite different conclusions could be drawn from the same incident. Some analysts contend: 1) an avoidable rebellion was provoked by already prosperous owners seeking excessive controls; 2) even in the robber-baron climate of 1889, the reserve system was onerous enough to unify players; 3) sensible scheduling, avoiding instead of creating conflicts, might have let everyone succeed; and 4) if the generally uneducated players of that day, with little professional guidance and no business experience, could put together a viable league, what might today's players and their advisers accomplish if they tried? END



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First Person

by JOHN BARSNESS

THE PURSUIT OF A PRIMEVAL CREATURE STIRS ONE ANGLER TO CONTRARY AIMS

Every souvenir shop and bar along the main tourist routes of the West has its own unnatural wonder. On the wall, somewhere, will be the head of a jackalope—a jackrabbit combined via taxidermy with an antelope's horns—or perhaps a furred trout, which is a rainbow trout with fur instead of scales to keep it from freezing in frigid mountain streams.

Jaded travelers entering the bar of the Jordan Hotel in Glendive, Mont. are, therefore, understandably skeptical when confronted with the mounted fish above the whiskey bottles, a fish five feet long and as big around as a basketball, with a two-foot bill jutting above its huge mouth. The fish appears to be a peculiar combination of giant catfish and enormous duck.

"That's a paddlefish," the bartender explains to those who ask. "They catch 'em down here on the Yellowstone River, at Intake." None of the tourists believes a word of it, of course. After the phony creatures they've already encountered, who's going to fall for something as obviously bogus as a paddlefish? The tourists just smile, shaking their heads, but if any of them, more curious than skeptical, drove the 15 miles to Intake, a public fishing site downstream from Glendive, they'd encounter several hundred paddlefish believers, who camp under the cottonwoods that border the Yellowstone in hopes of catching just such a creature. Unlike the jackalope and furred trout, paddlefish are for real.



They are real enough, in fact, to bear the slightly slapstick scientific name of *Polyodon spathula*; the name refers to the spatulate "bill" of the fish, which is why it is also known as the spoonbill. According to McClane's *Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*, paddlefish are the remnants of a primitive, cartilage-skeletoned family of fish, and their only near relatives live in the Yangtze River in China. In this country, paddlefish may be found in the large rivers and lakes of the Mississippi system. Fish as large as 200 pounds have been caught, though the average is 30 to 50 pounds. As with so many species, their numbers have been diminished by man's fiddling with the world. Dams are the bane of paddlefish; they require flowing water to reproduce, but so much of the Mississippi, Ohio and Missouri rivers are now artificial lakes that paddlefish in some areas are having a tough time. The Missouri and the Yellowstone in Montana *are* still largely unimpeded, however, and that is where the most and biggest paddlefish live. Montana's record is a 142½-pounder, taken from the Missouri in 1973, probably the biggest fish ever caught on rod and reel.

The reason I say "probably" is that you won't find paddlefish on the "official" freshwater list of records, as those records don't recognize fish taken by snagging (jerking a hook through the water in hope of impaling a fish), and snagging is the only method by which paddlefish can be caught. They *are* gentle giants who feed on plankton, filtering the microscopic plants and animals from the water with their gill rakers. They won't take any bait or lure.

The only time of year when it's practical to snag paddlefish is in the spring, when they swim upriver to spawn. The running fish concentrate in deep holes, or below riffles and dams. This last is the situation at Intake, the most popular paddlefishing spot on the Yellowstone, where a low dam redirects some of the river's flow to irrigation canals and where each June Montana's paddlefish begin their spawning run. The cottonwoods are crammed with tents, the parking lots are filled with vehicles and the shores are lined with aspiring fishermen attracted to the paddlefish run like bears to a salmon stream.

It was this colorful scene that I found one morning as I pulled into the parking lot at Intake, myself a curious fisherman in search of the giant paddlefish. The lot was almost full of four-wheel-drive pickups, family station wagons, vintage '60s hot rods and even a few motor homes. Finding an empty space in the sea of steel, I squeezed in. The pickup next to mine contained a young man wearing a baseball cap with the logo DODGE BUILDS TOUGH TRUCKS; he was sleeping with his head against the window, hat pressed to the glass, his mouth open to the morning sun. Half the hundred-odd vehicles in the lot contained similar somnolent bodies. The sandy beach below the parking lot was lined with boats, fishermen, spectators and dogs. Next to the path leading down to the beach was a wooden sign, painted the official brown and yellow of the Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks Department, describing in detail how to clean paddlefish. Further on was another sign, informing new paddlefishermen that they were allowed one fish a day. On May 1 of this year the limit was reduced to two fish per year.

The men along the shore were casting heavy spinning tackle, a big treble hook tied to a stout line and a heavy sinker or old sparkplug attached to the line below the hook. They cast as far as they could into the turbid Yellowstone, then jerked the weighted hooks back in long, sidearm sweeps. One overzealous, last jerk by a young fisherman in front of me sent his sinker and hook whizzing back toward my head. I ducked reflexively; the hook sailed by,

continued

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landing in a driftwood snag behind me.

Suddenly, there came a shout: "I got one! I got one!" A tall man in cowboy boots and a checkered Western shirt splashed stiff-leggedly in the shallow shore water, his rod bent deeply, towed downstream by something huge and alive. The other anglers reeled frantically to get their lines out of the water or held their rods high to allow the unseen fish and the wading man to pass underneath. I joined a small crowd following the fisherman, and trotted behind him as the fish towed him downstream for a quarter of a mile. The fish finally tired in a shallow backwater, wallowing at the surface like a wounded alligator. Two men waded into the water, grabbed the fish by its bill and tail and dragged it onto the beach—a huge, twisting, tan-gray living fossil. The angler, breathing like a marathon runner, grabbed his prize through the gill covers and held it high, while his wife snapped a photo.

I walked back up the beach to where I'd left my tackle, stunned at the size and strength of the fish, noticing on the way dozens of paddlefish tethered to driftwood logs along the shore, lying on their sides in the shallow water, gills moving slowly. Farther on, a young man and woman were cutting up a big paddlefish on a picnic table, working quickly, obviously experienced. Paddlefish are good eating, particularly smoked.

As I rigged my rod, a boat came bouncing across the river, inscribed with the Fish, Wildlife & Parks insignia. It landed and two men, one an official, and a boy climbed out. The official set up a tall tripod scale; the other man dragged a paddlefish from the boat and hung it on the scale.

"Fifty-four pounds," the official said, making a note on the clipboard.

The other man was talking to the crowd around the fish. "You should of seen it. He [indicating the boy] just stood there and reeled that spoonbill in, standing up to his waist in the water. He never moved an inch." The boy, obviously the man's son, grinned beside his fish.

I asked the official if many paddlefish had been taken. He consulted his clipboard. "Just about 60 since yesterday. They've been catching them mostly at night. The run's about over this morning, except for the odd straggler."

That explained the sleeping bodies in the parking lot. I sat down and finished rigging my tackle, prey to a strange mix-

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Sports Illustrated
IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

ture of emotions. The giant fish excited the fisherman in me, and yet the crowd of people, once more reminding me of bears along a salmon stream, gave the beach an almost carnival atmosphere. A party appeared to be in progress on the grassy hill above the low, water-covered diversion dam, in bright contrast to the gray, tethered, primordial fish breathing its last in the water.

Both wanting and not wanting to catch the odd straggler, I walked down to the water, swung the rod behind me, then snapped it forward and overhead with both hands, waiting a long moment for the heavy sinker to snap out into the river. I felt the lead bouncing along the gravel bottom and jerked the rod back, level to the ground, in a long sweep, then reeled, then jerked again. Suddenly the rod stopped, bending sharply, and I almost shouted. Adrenaline ran through me like a cold drink through a dehydrated body. I leaned back on the rod, and nothing moved.

I stood there for a moment, hooked to the river bottom, feeling the excitement ease from my arms. At least, I thought, I know what it is to *think* you've hooked a paddlefish; perhaps that should be enough. I broke off the snagged hook and reeled in the slack line, then took apart my rod and sat on a driftwood log, watching the other fishermen. I'd satisfied that primitive part of me that had actually wanted to catch a paddlefish. I now left the ancient fish to anyone who really wanted one.

As I sat there under the Montana sky watching the determined casters, another shout came from upstream. Another angler came splashing by, hooked to something old and huge, something that towed the human, it seemed, with the steady pull of time. Everyone along the shore stopped for a few minutes, watching the man and fish, and for a moment I again wanted to catch a paddlefish. Just for a moment I wanted to be connected with something primeval, to feel the fish's ancient power—and then the fish and the man were out of sight, behind a wall of following fishermen, and my mind was reclaimed by the present. I walked up the slope of the beach toward the parking lot, stopping at the edge of the asphalt for a last look downstream, where the angler was finally landing his fish a quarter of a mile away. I heard one last, distant shout before I turned away. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 18-24

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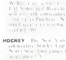
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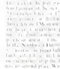
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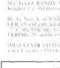
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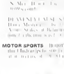
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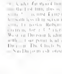
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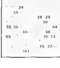
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

FERNANDO (CONT.)

Sir

Your photographs of Dodger rookie Fernando Valenzuela casting an upward glance while pitching (*Will the Bubble Ever Burst?* May 18) reveal the secret of his success, but not because his glance is "heavenward." For many people who practice self-hypnosis, the quickest way to get into a trance is to look upward. For those who are born with self-hypnotic skills, that's often a normal practice. My hunch, after seeing those pictures, is that Valenzuela goes into a brief trance, pictures the strike zone in his mind, builds his power, then fires away. But whether Fernando is in a trance or not, it's certain he's got the opposing batters in one.

KENNETH L. SMITH
Sausalito, Calif.

Sir

Want to know something else great about Fernando Valenzuela? This season's Fleer bubble-gum card has his name spelled incorrectly. It reads FERNAND VALENZUELA. I just hope the company corrects the error soon, so that the two copies my boy owns will be worth even more when it's time for him to go to college.

DON PUGSLEY
Los Angeles

Sir

The so-called SI cover jinx has been broken! Gerry Cooney (May 4), the Boston Celtics (May 11) and Fernando Valenzuela (May 18) all were winners *after* they made the cover.

BOB PARTRIDGE
San Diego

Sir:

The SI cover jinx is alive and well. The Philadelphia Phillies 4, Fernando Valenzuela and the Dodgers 0. Thanks.

FRANK WECKERLY
Haddon Heights, N.J.

STANLEY DANCER

Sir

In his fine article on Stanley Dancer (*Back in the Driver's Seat Again*, May 18), Sandy Treadwell mentions Dancer's sometimes ludicrous reliance on the automobile. As Stanley's chief patron, I can attest to the fact that it's a hell of a lot more exciting driving with Stanley in a car than it is watching him drive a race. His lack of a sense of direction is legend.

You quote his son Ronnie as saying: "He drives from his house to his office every day, a trip of 20 yards." I bet he doesn't get lost more than 50% of the time. He sure knows where that finish line is, but if tracks weren't fenced in, he'd go astray trying to find his way back to the paddock.

NORMAN S. WOOLWORTH
New Canaan, Conn.

Sir

I enjoyed very much the article on my boss, Stanley Dancer. The author, Sandy Treadwell, is a remarkably well-rounded individual. Not only is he a self-confessed fast-food addict, but he also apparently knows the difference between a toque and a soufflé.

However, he failed in his research to discover that one of the main reasons I go so fast is Mr. Dancer's singing. Pavarotti he's not! He's so far off key that I try to get it over with as fast as possible.

Many thanks for the publicity. From here on I hope to generate my own.

FRENCH CHEF
Clearview Stables
New Canaan, Conn.

INFLATION

Sir

Remember how everyone talked about Duane Bobick making more than $5,000 for every second he was in the ring ($300,000 for 58 seconds) the night Ken Norton knocked him out? On the fourth anniversary of that memorable event, Norton himself fared three times better. He made a whopping $15,740.74 ($850,000 for 54 seconds) for each tick of the clock before Gerry Cooney KO'd him.

THOMAS J. NASH
Ann Arbor, Mich.

KUSH'S METHODS (CONT.)

Sir:

Regarding the editorial "A Victory for Kush, Not for His Methods" (SCORECARD, May 4), I worked with Frank Kush at Arizona State for 15 years as Sports Information Director. Yes, he slapped players alongside the helmets, and, yes, he grabbed face masks; and, yes, he was a tough coach. Those were *not* everyday tactics, but, as you said, methods that were wrong.

However, I think you might be surprised to know how his players reacted to Kush. Listed on a questionnaire I had all players fill out every year was the question "Who has been your primary inspiration in athletics?" A majority of the freshmen and sophomores named their father or high school coach. A majority of the juniors and seniors said "Coach Kush."

A good coach is one who wins a majority of the games he is supposed to win. A great coach is one who wins a majority of the games he isn't supposed to win. Frank Kush was and is a great coach.

DICK (MOON) MULLINS
Phoenix

ALL-AMERICAS

Sir

I take exception to your SCORECARD item (May 18) on "All-America losers." Although I agree that many possible All-America candidates are overlooked because they play on losing teams, I object to your implication that the NFL draft proves the worth of All-America picks. All-Americas are judged on their college performances, not on their NFL potential. To equate the two is a mistake. Many players who have had outstanding college careers are considered poor pro prospects because of factors that go beyond their play in college. These include size, speed, injury potential, etc. I hope we never start judging college players by how they might perform in the NFL. Consider your own example: Although Mark Herrmann may never be a top-notch NFL star, there are few people who would argue with his being selected as an All-America based on his record at Purdue.

JIM FARRER
Twelve Mile, Ind.

MICHIGAN'S PROWESS (CONT.)

Sir

As a footnote to the letter from Virginia S. Nicklas on "Michigan's prowess" (19TH HOLE, May 25), I played a little statistical game with that 1977 Ladd-Lipset Survey when it came out. I treated it as though it were the AP football poll and awarded a school 10 points for each top-ranked academic department, down to one point for a 10th-rated department. The results were: Harvard 142 points; California 121; Stanford 106; Yale 84; Michigan 68; Chicago 63; Wisconsin 61; Princeton 50; MIT 46; Illinois 42; Columbia 30; and Cornell 24.

Everett Carll Ladd Jr. and Seymour Martin Lipset surveyed only 12 departments and seven professional schools. Thus there was some anguish among academic Wolverines when dentistry, public health, library science and social work—in all of which Michigan has been accorded either a No. 1 or a No. 2 standing in various deans' surveys—were left out. They also didn't survey creative writing as such, although English was included.

Anyone appraising the top rankings awarded might observe that the Middle West did much better than insular Easterners might have been led to believe. In fact, there are only two Ivy League institutions among the top seven.

The argument about whether football players are dumber now than they were then goes on. In the early '50s, I was one of 12 managers for a Michigan football team whose starting line had, if memory serves, some-

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LITTLE, BROWN

*Publishers Weekly

thing like four pre-meds, a pre-law, an engineer and a pre-ministerial student. The team lost to Cornell and Northwestern on successive Saturdays.

IVAN KAYE
New York City

MONDAY NIGHT GAMES

Sir:

May I suggest that NFL broadcasting director Val Pinchbeck, who apparently cannot see a riot for the bundles of money involved (SCORECARD, May 18), also cannot count teams very well. It may indeed be true that *Monday Night Football* is "a 28-team thing," but recently some other team must have been replacing the Detroit Lions.

BERNARD A. O'HORA, M.D.
Midland, Mich.

Sir:

If *Monday Night Football* is "a 28-team thing," why haven't the Kansas City Chiefs been on since 1977?

DAVID D. SMALE
Grand Rapids

• The Lions are scheduled to appear on *Monday Night Football* on Oct. 19, against the Bears, but no Chiefs games have been scheduled for this fall's Monday telecasts.—ED

LOVERS AND HATERS

Sir:

My thanks to Jonathan Yardley for his review of Bob Marshall's book *Diary of a Yankee-Hater* (BOOKTALK, May 18). Having had the good fortune to live in several major league cities—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Houston and New York—I can appreciate what Marshall is talking about when he says, "There are millions of fans who would rather have their home team beat the Yankees than anyone else in the league."

On behalf of all Yankee fans, I'd like to thank Marshall, Yardley and those millions of other Yankee-haters. They make every pinstripe victory that much sweeter.

DONALD B. WENDELKEN
Deer Park, Texas

Sir:

Jonathan Yardley says living in New York is as close to Nirvana as a true Yankee-hater can get. Well, there are Nirvanas and Nirvanas. Imagine living on the North Side of Chicago and being a true-blue Cub loyalist in a season in which they stand to lose well over 100 games. The life of a 1981 Cub fan might well meet the definition of Nirvana: a state of oblivion to care, pain and external reality, which is sought through the extinction of desire and individual consciousness.

MICHAEL PATRICK GORDON
Chicago

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